VOGUE



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SUMMER HOLIDAYS

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In the morning...in the evening...



in the middle of the day...



Heinz Tomato Juice

SING a song of flavor—a tumblerful of health! Drink the "imprisoned sunshine" of luscious, red-ripe Heinz tomatoes morning, noon and night, if you want a tonic pick-up, a sure-fire thirst-quencher at any time o'day.

Wherever you sip a chilled glass of Heinz Tomato Juice—in Maine or California—you'll get the same taste-thrill, the natural, fresh flavor of tomatoes right off the vine!

Heinz Tomato Juice is *uniform* in richness and quality *always*. That's because Heinz raises the tiny tomato plants from registered seed in Heinz hothouses, transfers them to the open fields at growing time, and supervises every step of their culture. Handpicked, each day as they ripen, these garden-fresh, pedigreed tomatoes are pressed into ruddy juice within a few hours.

Here then is keen, live flavor to refresh you and a wealth of wholesome food elements to keep you fit. Drink Heinz Tomato Juice regularly and often—at breakfast and luncheon or as a colorful, tempting cocktail before dinner. Order a supply from your grocer now—in either tin or glass containers.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. • TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

Heinz Tomato Juice

SO MUCH A PART OF *Listerine*



Attractive wives whose husbands seem always to be attentive . . . stunning young enchantresses ever able to captivate men . . . mature women whose many friends look forward to their presence . . . what is their secret? Such women, you will almost invariably find, give as much attention to their breath as they do to their hair, their skin, their teeth, and their clothes. Never would they be guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath). Conscious always of the possibility of offending others, they regularly take this simple and sensible precaution: Listerine, the safe antiseptic with the *pleasant* taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

Before Social Engagements, use

LISTERINE

The Pleasant Deodorant

For Fall PHILIP MANGONE Previews Some Spectator Sports



Three spectator sports costumes—with hats of the same material from the Vibo Company. These and other "Lastex" models by Philip Mangone will be shown—on or about August 15th—by

THE TAILORED WOMAN, INC.
729 Fifth Avenue New York City

Introducing "WOVENEASE"...a new "Lastex" WOVEN fabric that has the stretch and comfort of knitted material

Your pet dream of tailored coat, suit or dress that fits like a man's Tuxedo (without his traditional discomfort) is about to come true. With the old materials available, you've always had to compromise between fit and comfort. There was expensive hand tailoring. Or there were tiring alterations—that never quite satisfied. Now, thanks to the "Lastex" content of these marvelous, *woven* fabrics, you get both fit and comfort to the queen's taste. And fitting ceases to be a serial nightmare. We'll say you're a sixteen-and-a-half. You slip into a *sixteen* "Lastex" model. The garment moulds itself to your figure by stretching the needed bit here and there. There is still enough elasticity left to afford freedom never before known in tailored apparel. It's as simple and amazing as that, one of the wonders of our age.

Lastex
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

The fit and comfort are woven right into the cloth. These and other Mangone models for Fall, in "Lastex" fabrics, will be shown by leading stores about the middle of August. "Lastex," 1790 Broadway, New York City.

VOGUE
July 15th, 1934

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Vol. 84 No. 2
Whole No. 1488



It's a Fact! . . . YOU DO SLEEP BETTER

WHEN YOUR BED IS MADE WITH WAMSUTTA SHEETS

WAMSUTTA
PERCALE SHEETS
AND PILLOW CASES
THE FINEST OF COTTONS

WAMSUTTA MILLS
Founded 1846
New Bedford, Mass.

PLEASE don't misunderstand. You doubtless *will* sleep better — most people find that they do, at any rate — because Wamsutta is lighter and smoother than other sheets.

But we will not go so far as to guarantee that Wamsutta sheets . . . or even a cool, smooth Wamsutta pillow case . . . will cure insomnia or enable you to win more of Life's Battles.

The Wamsutta influence on you is subtler than that. Perhaps you sleep better for knowing that no bed in the world is so blissfully prepared for sleeping as your own. Perhaps it's just your peace of mind in being supremely, deliciously comfortable. Whichever it is, Wamsutta *does* make a most delightful difference in a bed . . . and just one night's sleep will prove it to you.



Something New

has happened in hosiery

Your look . . . your poise . . .
your walk will reflect a new
freedom when you wear..

HOLEPROOF

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—Patent Pending

KNEE-HIGH

with knit-in LASTEX *garter*

This new wonder stocking reaches just to the knee . . . has its own Lastex garter knit in . . . is cool, comfortable, practical, self-supporting, and highly styled.

No need, with KNEE-HIGH, for girdle-garters. Neither rolls nor garter-bumps can mar the sleek youthful silhouette. For work or sports, for the street or at home, and for evening, KNEE-HIGH is the perfect modern stocking.

Available in daytime chiffons and evening sheers at 85c, $1, $1.25 . . . in five correct new shades to match all summer complexions. If not yet shown at your favorite store, write Holeproof, mentioning the store's name. Address 330 Fifth Avenue, New York, or Milwaukee, Wis., or 526 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.

LASTEX FOUNDATION GARMENTS BY LUXITE



Keeps you feeling fit



COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The side-partner of sports

In swimming, as in everything, when it comes time to pause, nothing is so welcome as a refreshing drink. That's why ice-cold Coca-Cola is the side-partner of sports. Its life and sparkle go quickly into energy, and you feel fit for what's ahead.

Ice-cold Coca-Cola is everywhere else; it ought to be in your family refrigerator.

CALIFORNIA

Arrowhead Springs

Arrowhead Springs Hotel. All sports. Reasonable rates. New health rewards your visit in this restful, charming, modern Spa.

COLORADO

Brook Forest

Brook Forest Inn. A Swiss Chalet at 8,000 feet altitude. Saddle horses and tennis. Excellent food. Write for folder.

Colorado Springs

The Broadmoor. At the foot of Pikes Peak. The aristocrat of Resort Hotels. Fireproof. Open the year round.

Denver

Brown Palace Hotel. Denver's traditional best. Plan your Colorado trips after arrival at Denver, where travel services have all facts at first hand.

Evergreen

Troutdale-in-the-Pines. 140-room hotel, 35 rustic cabins. Cool, healthful climate. Every sport and mountain recreation. Write for literature.

CONNECTICUT

Greenwich

Kent House. Open May to November. Exclusive clientele. Suites with private balconies. Golf and swimming privileges. Address Halsey Kent.

Old Lyme

Boxwood Manor. Lovely inn on New England coast between New Haven & New London. Enchanting gardens. Golf, saddle-horses, ocean bathing. DOWS.

Sharon

Bartram Inn. Recommended to those seeking quiet. A retreat of serene charm in a beautiful village only 87 miles from New York. Excellent food.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington

The Raleigh Hotel. New management. Across Pennsylvania Ave. from new Government Buildings. All rooms with tub & shower. $3. one, $5.-$8. two, E. P.

The Willard Hotel. Washington travelers cover the ground more swiftly, live more delightfully here. $4. one, $6. two up.

INDIANA

French Lick

French Lick Springs Hotel. Smart—Sophisticated—Spa—Attractions. Europe's famous pleasure & health resort. Climate ideal. Home of Pluto. Amer. Plan.

MAINE

Ogunquit

Sparhawk Hall. At the salt water's edge. Surf bathing. Golf, tennis, fishing, saddle horses. Orchestra. Sprinkler system. Elevator. June 25-Sept. 10.

Poland Spring

Poland Spring House. Mansion House. June 23 to Oct. Where hospitality is truly a fine art. Real comfort. Homelike atmosphere. Unsurpassed table.

Prout's Neck

The Willows. Distinctive seashore resort. Famous for comfort, courtesy and cuisine. Rates reasonable. Climate ideal. Golf, tennis, yachting, bathing.

Winter Harbor

Grindstone Inn. A high class Inn emphasizing good food and courteous service—at moderate cost. Coolest resort on the Atlantic Coast. Booklet.

MASSACHUSETTS

Beach Bluff, Swampscott

Hotel Preston. On the ocean front of the famous North Shore. Cool, Select, Private Bathing Beach, Golf. Grinnell Sprinklers. American Plan.

The Berkshires

Ideal for your vacation. Golf, boating, tennis. For detailed information write: Berkshire Hills Innkeepers Association, Dalton, Mass.

The Berkshires—Great Barrington

The Oakwood. A small, modern inn of rare charm in the beautiful Berkshires. Quiet—restful—lovely gardens. Excellent food. All sports. Booklet.

The Berkshires—Greenfield

The Weldon. "The Beautiful Home Hotel". Fireproof. All year. 200 rooms. Excellent table. Refined atmosphere. Reasonable rates. Golf. Booklet.

The Berkshires—Lenox

Curtis Hotel. A resort hotel of brick and stone. American and European Plans. All forms of out-of-door recreation. Elevation 1300 feet.

The Berkshires—Pittsfield

Hotel Wendell. Accommodates 650. Fireproof; modern. Single rooms without bath $2.00 up; bath, $3.00 up. Golf nearby. N. A. Campbell, Manager.

Boston

Hotels Lenox and Brunswick. Two friendly-famous Back Bay hotels, located on either side of beautiful Copley Square. Rates from $2.50 to $5.00.

Hotel Puritan. Distinctive, residential, homelike atmosphere. Restaurant on roof. On beautiful Commonwealth Ave.; easily accessible. Rates $3.50 up.

Cape Cod—West Harwich-By-The-Sea

The Belmont. Famous seashore hotel overlooking private Bathing Beach. Water temperature 72°. Symphony and dance orchestras. All sports.

travelog

MURRAY BAY

That famous bowler, Sir Francis Drake, who refused to interrupt his play though the invincible Armada sailed up the English Channel, would marvel at the smooth, fast bowling greens of the Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay, Quebec, where the Manoir Richelieu Invitation Bowling Tournament will be held July 14, 15, and 16. The day following the bowling tournament will be the first day of Golf Week. The ladies will compete in the fifth annual invitation tournament, while, for the seventh time, the men will tee off in the invitation tournament for the Manoir Richelieu Golf Club Trophy, a handsome silver shield flaunting the scarlet chevrons of the Cardinal Richelieu.

FORTY-NINERS

White Mountain visitors in the vicinity of Whitefield, New Hampshire, will have the opportunity of seeing eight revivals of plays, all pre-1900 vintage, which will be presented by The Forty-Niners, a group of players from Yale University Theatre.

The tentative schedule calls for "The Two Orphans," opening July 13 and followed by "The Texas Steer," Boucicault's "Streets of New York," Hugo's "Mary Tudor," Dickens' "Oliver Twist," "The Ticket of Leave Man," "The Merry Monarch," and "Rip Van Winkle."

The Forty-Niners (the group derived the name from their admission price of forty-nine cents and their belief that "there is gold in them thar hills") plan to give four performances of each play, a Saturday matinée and Friday, Saturday, and Monday evening performances. The theatre is a transformed barn on the Chase Farm, a mile from Whitefield and three miles from the Mountain View House. Old posters, most of them advertising operas, decorate the interior walls and lend a quaint atmosphere which is accented by chandeliers fashioned from cartwheels. The seats, incidentally, formerly were used in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, while the door-knobs once adorned the Old Century Theatre.

This is the second season for the Forty-Niners. Last year, they were at Notchland, New Hampshire, where they made their début in "The Drunkard"—a play that has since been having a spectacular run in New York.

FRANKLINIANA

A very interesting collection of Frankliniana is to be seen at The Benjamin Franklin Inn, North Asbury Park, New Jersey. The collection is the result of the manager's hobby of gathering souvenirs, relics, pictures, and literature pertaining to Franklin.

The walls of the inn library are lined with pictures showing events in the life of Franklin, and one can spend hours in this fascinating room examining the statuettes, etchings, scrap-books, and various Franklin data.

In the room known as The Benjamin Franklin Room, a painting of that famous gentleman looks down from above the fireplace wherein stands a Franklin stove, still used on chilly days.

JUST TO KEEP POSTED

YACHTING: Great South Bay Yacht Racing Association Week, Babylon to Bellport, Long Island, July 31 to August 4.

TENNIS: Men's invitation grass court doubles, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, Long Island, July 21 and 22. Men's invitation turf court tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, Long Island, July 30 to August 4.

MASSACHUSETTS (Cont.)

Marblehead

Hotel Rock-Mere. Overlooking Marblehead Harbor . . . yachting center. Every recreational feature . . . excellent cuisine. June-Sept. "Booklet A". R. Brackett.

Nantucket Island—Siasconset

Beach House. In picturesque Siasconset. Modernly equipped 100 room hotel. Ocean view. Wide stretch of moors. All outdoor sports. Amer. & European Plan.

Northampton

Hotel Northampton and Wiggins Old Tavern. An Inn of Colonial Charm. $2.00 up. Excellent food. Antiques. When in Springfield: The Stonehaven.

Swampscott

New Ocean House. On historic North Shore. All recreational features. Private bathing beach. Best clientele. Booklet. Clement Kennedy, President.

MICHIGAN

Harbor Springs

Ramona Park Hotel. On the shores of Lake Michigan. Finest appointments. Greatest natural attractions; variety of amusements. 3 excellent golf courses.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hanover

The Hanover Inn. At Dartmouth College, 100 rooms, 60 baths. Elevator. Stop over en route to mountains. Reasonable rates. A. & E. Plan. All sports.

Lake Sunapee

Granliden Hotel. Directly on Lake Sunapee, 1200 feet elevation. Private golf course, tennis, saddle horses, fishing, boating. No hay fever. Christian.

White Mountains—Bretton Woods

The Mount Washington. Opens July 3rd. Bretton Arms, now open. Famous for golf—two courses. C. J. Root, Mgr. N. Y. Office, 2 W. 45th Street.

White Mountains—Crawford Notch

Crawford House. Distinctive mountain resort. Golf, tennis, swimming, mountain climbing, saddle horses. Orchestra of Boston Symphony players.

White Mountains—Dixville Notch

The Balsams. Leading resort. 18-hole golf course, tennis, swimming, riding. Fireproof. 2 orchestras. No hay fever. Cottages. N. Y. phone PE 6-8218.

NEW HAMPSHIRE (Cont.)

White Mountains—Franconia

Peckett's-on-Sugar-Hill. New England's unique resort. Exclusive clientele. Quaint, homelike atmosphere & excellent cuisine. Recreational features. Cottages.

White Mountains—Jefferson

The Waumbek Hotels and Cottages. In the heart of the White Mountains. American plan. 18-hole golf course. Booklet. Soreno Lund, Jr., Manager.

White Mountains—Sugar Hill

Sunset Hill House. Location unexcelled. All prominent White Mt. peaks visible. Golf free to guests. Tennis, riding, orchestra. Private cottages. Booklet.

White Mountains—Waterville Valley

Waterville Inn and Cottages. Old established Inn. Beautiful White Mt. location. Golf, tennis, brook fishing, swimming. Fifty miles of trails. Open all year.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park

Benjamin Franklin Inn. Unusual charm and friendly hospitality. Colonial antiques, Frankliniana collection. Delicious food. Carrie E. Stroud.

The Monterey. Modern beach-front hotel. Superior accommodations at low rates. Inquiry invited. Phone Asbury Park 1600. Sherman Dennis, Manager.

Atlantic City



The Traymore

At the ocean's edge. Providing the perfection of service and appointment considered, by a discriminating clientele, essential to an enjoyable sojourn. Bathing from the hotel. Sun Decks. Health Baths, Music. Dancing. Bridge. Golf. Tennis. Continental Cocktail lounge. American or European.

NEW YORK

Albany

De Witt Clinton. A Knott hotel. New, well appointed. Faces Capitol Park. Splendid meals; attentive service. Come, we'll make you happy.

Briarcliff Manor

Briarcliff Lodge Hotel. Beautifully situated in the heart of the Westchester Hills. Superb golf course. Headquarters for the Dr. Wm. Howard Hay System.

Long Island—Bellport

Wyandotte Hotel. Open to Oct. 15. Good meals. Week-end and resident guests. Directly on water. Golf, tennis, boating. Parties solicited. George Kreamer.

Long Island—Forest Hills

Forest Hills Inn. A charming metropolitan hotel in the suburbs. American and European Plan at moderate rates. Write for Booklet A.

Long Island—Orient Point

Orient Point Inn. Wholesome informal atmosphere. Private beach. Spacious grounds for children. Excellent food. Water view from every window. Fishing.

Long Island—Sayville

Hotel Cedarshore. On the Great South Bay. Activity or rest, most complete resort. Marine grill, featuring daily cocktail hour. Booklet.

Loon Lake, Franklin County

Loon Lake House. Top of the Adirondacks. Through Pullman from New York City. State roads. All outdoor sports. 40 cottages.

New York City

A. W. A. Clubhouse. 353 W. 57th St. 27-story women's clubhouse. Roof gardens, swimming pool, garden patio. Open to Non-Members. Booklet V715.

Hotel Barclay. 111 E. 48th St. Delightful Colonial atmosphere. Near the smart shops, theatres, uptown business district, and Grand Central Station.

Hotel Parkside. 20th St. and Irving Place. In convenient Gramercy Park. Solariums, roof terraces, excellent restaurant. $2 per day—$10 per week.

Schroon Lake

Brown Swan Club. A real country resort in the Adirondacks, located on Lake and Federal Route 9. All resort sports and activities, including golf.

PENNSYLVANIA

Eagles Mere

The Crestmont Inn. Twenty-seven holes, superb golf. Eight tennis courts. Ideal boating and bathing. Write for Booklet. Wm. Woods, Proprietor.

The Lakeside. Beautifully situated—modern in all appointments, excellent cuisine. Golf, tennis, riding, water sports. 50 yrs. ownership management. Bklt.

Eagles Mere Park

The Forest Inn. Beside Lake in beautiful park setting. Modern. Delightful colony life. All sports, dancing, bowling, etc. Excellent food. Booklet.

Pocono Mountains—Buck Hill Falls

The Inn. Selective clientele. All outdoor recreations. Emphasis on cultural life. Accommodations offered in hotel or cottages at modest rates.

VOGUE'S TRAVELOG—Cont.

RHODE ISLAND

Narragansett Pier

Massasoit Hotel. Within 3 minutes America's finest bathing beach. Quiet dignity—atmosphere and appointments of a well conducted home. Amer. Plan.

Watch Hill

Ocean House. Right on ocean. Finest bathing beach on coast. Unsurpassed table and service. Excellent orchestra. Sprinkler system. Low rates. Amer. Plan.

Hotel Plimpton. Directly on the water. Excellent table. Elevator. Golf, fishing, swimming, boating. Reasonable rates. Housekeeping Cottages. Booklet.

VERMONT

Lake Champlain—Basin Harbor

Basin Harbor Lodge & Cottages. Distinctive family resort. Golf, tennis, etc. Acc. 150. Rate $4.-$6. Am. Plan. May-Oct. Bklt. A. T. Beach, Vergennes, Vt.

Lake Morey—Fairlee

Bonnie Oaks Inn & Bungalows. All sports. 75 rooms with baths and fireplaces. Baby Oaks, with supervised play. May to Dec. Folders, E. H. Page.

Lake Morey Inn. 18-hole golf course free to house guests. Saddle horses, tennis, water sports. House orchestra. Select clientele. Accommodates 150.

Manchester

Equinox House. 82nd Season. Now open. Special week-end rates for golfers. N. Y. Office, Hotel St. Regis, 5th Ave. & 55th St., Tel. PLaza 3-4500.

Woodstock

Woodstock Inn. Country Club, 18-hole golf course available to guests. Saddle horses, tennis, music. Situated in a New England Village on U.S. Route 4.

CANADA

Grand Bend, Ontario

Oakwood Inn. On Lake Huron overlooking sporty 18-hole golf course. Wooded park. Sand beach. Log bungalows. Gentile. American Plan $4 and $5.

Laurentian Mts.—St. Jovite, Quebec

Gray Rocks Inn. 86 miles from Montreal. Cottages, log cabins, fishing (camps, guides, equipment), boating, riding, golf, dance orchestra. Booklet.

INDIA

India State Railways. Travel in India like a rajah for as little as ten cents a mile. For information: W. T. Biscoe, Delhi House, 38 E. 57th St., N. Y. City.

STEAMSHIP BRANCH OFFICES

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Canadian Pacific. For Trans-Atlantic, World Cruise & other steamship services apply to F. L. Nason, 152 Geary Street, Sutter 1585.

ILLINOIS

Chicago

Canadian Pacific. For Trans-Atlantic, World Cruise & other steamship services apply to J. C. Patteson, 71 E. Jackson Blvd., Wabash 1904.

MASSACHUSETTS

Boston

Canadian Pacific. For Trans-Atlantic, World Cruise & other steamship services apply to L. R. Hart, 405 Boylston Street, Kenmore 7351.

MICHIGAN

Detroit

Canadian Pacific. For Trans-Atlantic, World Cruise & other steamship services apply to M. E. Malone, 1231 Washington Blvd., Cherry 7820.

MISSOURI

St. Louis

Canadian Pacific. For Trans-Atlantic, World Cruise & other steamship services apply to G. P. Carbrey, 412 Locust Street, Garfield 2135.

NEW YORK

Buffalo

Canadian Pacific. For Trans-Atlantic, World Cruise & other steamship services apply to W. P. Wass, 160 Pearl Street, Cleveland 0102.

New York City

Canadian Pacific. For Trans-Atlantic, World Cruise & other steamship services apply to E. T. Stebbing, Cor. Madison Ave. & 44th St., Vanderbilt 3-6666.

OHIO

Cleveland

Canadian Pacific. For Trans-Atlantic, World Cruise & other steamship services apply to G. H. Griffin, 1010 Chester Avenue, Main 2512-3.

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia

Canadian Pacific. For Trans-Atlantic, World Cruise & other steamship services apply to E. A. Kenney, 1500 Locust Street, Pennypacker 0612.

CANADA

Montreal, Quebec

Canadian Pacific. For Trans-Atlantic, World Cruise & other steamship services apply to D. R. Kennedy, 201 St. James St., W. Plateau 2281.

HOMELIKE

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THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

PARK AVENUE · 49TH TO 50TH STREETS · NEW YORK

THE GOURMETS' GUIDE

These interesting places offer many a cool retreat in which to appreciate the rediscovered art of dining and wining—a sufficient number for you to gratify your whim for change; and a sufficient variety to enable you to suit your mood.

RESTAURANTS

DIVAN PARISIEN—17 East 45th St. Le Restaurant Par Excellence. Cuisine Française. Famous for "Chicken Divan" and special salad. Modern Air conditioning. For Reservations VAnderbilt 3-7897.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN RESTAURANT—Rendezvous of the literary and theatrical world. Luncheon, Cocktail Hour, Dinner and After Theatre Supper. 59 West 44th St. Reservations VAnderbilt 3-2500.

HAPSBURG HOUSE—313 E. 55th St. New York's newest and most interesting society rendezvous. "Cuisine Internationale." Excellent cellar. Luncheon, Dinner, Supper. Reservations. ELdorado 5-8493.

RESTAURANT KUNGSHOLM—142 E. 55th St. Coolest place in town, featuring famous Swedish Hors D'Oeuvres. Luncheon, Dinner Prix Fixe. Choice wines, liquors. Cocktails Par Excellence. Res. MU. 2-9066.

JANE DAVIES RESTAURANT
145 West 55th Street

Luncheon	Dinner
50c 60c 75c	$1.00 $1.25

MADELEINE RESTAURANT—26 E. 54th St. Where society goes to "see" and "be seen". Cuisine Parisienne, finest wines and liquors. Luncheon, cocktail hour, dinner, supper. Artistic entertainment. EL. 5-9020.

MARY ELIZABETH'S, Fifth Ave. at 36th St. Here the food is very good indeed. Strictly American cookery, expressed in the highest terms. Between dinner & theatre a delightful Game Room for pleasant relaxation.

L'ESCARGOT D'OR—"GOLDEN SNAIL" 254 W. 54 St.—16th Floor. Where it's cool & breezes blow. Frog's Legs, Snails, Cuisine Française. Entertainment. Dancing. No Couvert. No minimum. CO. 5-9861.

FRANCES LYNN—10 WEST 55th STREET. The place all economical New York is talking about! Dine in our open garden just off 5th Ave. Luncheon 35c and 50c. Dinner 55c, 75c and $1.00.

SCHRAFFT'S, 556 Fifth Ave., has always been a good place for luncheon, tea, dinner, supper. Now it is a smart, convenient place to meet friends for cocktails. They are as good as the distinctive food.

LE COQ ROUGE—65 E. 56th St. Internationally famous cuisine. Where Society meets for Luncheon, Dinner & after theatre. Dancing. Continental atmosphere. Entertainment. "Le Coq Rouge Trio." Res. EL. 3-8887.

JANET—237 West 52nd Street. Specialty of "Soupe à L'oignon" (Onion Soup) and "Crêpes Flambée." Strictly cuisine Française in the warmth of Janet's hospitality. Open air garden. Columbus 5-8717.

DISTINCTIVE BARS

RITZ-CARLTON—Madison at 46th. The Ritz Bars—the Ladies' Bar opens on the lovely Japanese Garden, especially popular for dinner this year. The Men's Bar, for their exclusive use, is cool and quiet.

CAFES

PARK LANE GARDENS—"Round The World Bar" for drinks of every country. Prix fixe and a la carte luncheon, dinner, supper. Dancing. Park Avenue at 49th Street. Wickersham 2-4100.

THE BARCLAY—111 East 48th Street. The Barclay Cafe—most attractive of all the bars. Popular before luncheon, at cocktail time, and after the theatre. Soft music, delicious hors d'œuvres.

ST. MORITZ-on-the-park, 50 Central Park So. St. Moritz Café de la Paix—America's first real sidewalk café. Cocktail Hour in La Potinière. Dinner and supper, "dancing in the breeze"—the Sky Gardens.

Vogue's address

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LADIES' BAGS. We specialize in recovering and mending all kinds of bags. Models made to order in Tapestry, Needlepoint, Petit Point. Send for catalog. Wm. Nibur, 2432 B'way. 510 & 669 Mad. Ave., N.Y.

LEONARD MOESE, formerly of Paris. Custom hand bags. Also repairing, recovering, relining. Tapestries mounted. Your material if desired. Workmanship guaranteed. Mail orders. 65 W. 55 St., N. Y.

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EYEBROWS & LASHES darkened permanently with Coloura. Eliminates daily make-up. Sold everywhere. $1.25 postpaid. Treatment 50c at Spiro's, 26 West 38th St. & 37 West 46th St., N. Y.

MULTIPLE ELECTROLYSIS—Mary Elizabeth Scollan. Personal Service only. Free booklet. Address 1 West 34th St., near 5th Ave., Room 709, New York City. Telephone Wisconsin 7-7889

ELLA LOUISE KELLER'S personal method of Electrolysis satisfactorily destroys Superfluous Hair. Only method recommended by physicians. 11 W. 42 St., N. Y. Long. 5-6537. Also Chicago—Minneapolis

NATALIE TOVIM, Reg. Nurse, uses her improved method of painless electrolysis to remove superfluous hairs permanently, any thickness. Endorsed by physicians. Med. Arts Bldg., 57 W. 57 St., N.Y. Wick. 2-3841

BEAUTY and REST! Spend 12 days with Madame Mays. Freckles, wrinkles, puffs scientifically removed. Look years younger! Physicians' endorsements. Booklet. 38 West 53rd St., N. Y. City. Wick. 2-7054

BON VOYAGE & GIFT BASKETS

ALICE H. MARKS, 19 East 52nd Street, is showing a new assortment of Gift Baskets & Packages containing delicious titbits to tempt the most fastidious. Mail orders given special attention. Plaza 3-7282

SCHRAFFT'S 1934 versions of the latest in "going away" baskets, enchanting collections of Schrafft's sweets, add exciting interest to any journey—land or sea. $5 to $20. Mail orders. Schrafft's, 556-5th Ave.

C CANADA

CANADA'S internationally known jewellers—Diamonds, English China, Continental Novelties, advantageously priced. Henry Birks & Sons Ltd., Montreal & largest Cities. Birks-Ellis-Ryrie Ltd., Toronto

CHINA & ARTWARE

"CANADA'S MOST TALKED ABOUT GIFT shop." Wonderful selection of English Bone China. New Dinnerware booklet will be sent on request. Herbert S. Mills, Hamilton, Canada

D DELICACIES

VENDOME—Specialist in highest-grade fresh Russian Caviar. Large assortment of all fine table delicacies. Write for catalogue V. 18 East 49th Street, New York City. WIckersham 2-2224

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MacLean—On June 5, to Dr. Robert MacLean and Mrs. MacLean (May Isabelle Appleby), a son, Robert Appleby MacLean.

ENGAGEMENTS

NEW YORK

Bissell-Dobson—Miss Janet Watson Bissell, daughter of the late French Rayburn Bissell and Mrs. Bissell, of New York, to Mr. Walter N. Dobson, junior, son of Dr. Walter N. Dobson and Mrs. Dobson, of Saint Louis, Missouri.

Fowler-Bassett—Miss Jane Fowler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Fowler, of New York and Peapack, New Jersey, to Mr. Carroll K. Bassett, son of Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Phillips Bassett, of Summit, New Jersey, and Camden, South Carolina.

French-Astor—Miss Ellen Tuck French, daughter of Mrs. Livingston French, of New York and Newport, Rhode Island, and of Mr. Francis Ormond French, of Dedham, Massachusetts, to Mr. John Jacob Astor, son of the late Colonel John Jacob Astor and of Mrs. Enzo Fiermonte.

CINCINNATI

Kittredge-Blake—Miss Kitty Kittredge, daughter of Mr. William Kittredge, to Mr. Groverman Blake, son of the late Charles Groverman Blake and Mrs. Blake.

Nichols-Forker—Miss Margaret Elizabeth Nichols, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wills Nichols, to Mr. David Matthews Forker, son of the late David Matthews Forker and Mrs. Forker.

Orr-Traquair—Miss Betty Orr, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Edward Charles Orr, to Mr. John Edmond Traquair, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Traquair, of Chillicothe, Ohio.

HOUSTON

Horton-Howell—Miss Ella Campbell Horton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Frederick Horton, to Mr. Lynn Gorman Howell.

READING

DeLong-Meinig—Miss Mary Catherine DeLong, daughter of Dr. George DeLong and Mrs. DeLong, of Mount Penn, to Mr. Carl H. Meinig, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Richard Meinig, of Wyomissing, Pennsylvania.

TORONTO, ONTARIO

Anderson-Nesbitt—Miss Dorothy Mary Gordon Anderson, daughter of Brigadier T. Victor Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, to Mr. Wallace Rankine Nesbitt, son of Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt.

TROY

Miller-Witman—Miss Bettine Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George I. Miller, to Mr. Walter S. Witman, son of Mr. Walter F. Witman.

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

Constantin-Stone—Miss Lucille Constantin, daughter of the late Captain Eugene Constantin and Mrs. Constantin, of Tulsa, to Mr. Robert Lear Stone, of New York, son of Mr. and Mrs. William French Stone, of Tulsa.

Parrish-McMahon—Miss Miriam Parrish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilliam Young Parrish, of Tulsa, to Mr. John Joseph McMahon, son of the late John McMahon and Mrs. McMahon, of San Francisco and Monterey Peninsula, California.

WATERBURY

de Lancey-Hetzel—Miss Margaret Spencer de Lancey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Darragh de Lancey, of Waterbury, Connecticut, to Dr. Joseph Linn Hetzel, son of the late Dr. Joseph Linn Hetzel and Mrs. Hetzel, of Southport, Connecticut.

WEDDINGS

NEW YORK

Bird-McKelvy—On June 2, in Rye, New York, Mr. Junius Bouton Bird, son of Mr. Henry Bird, of Rye, New York, and Miss Margaret McKelvy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert McKelvy, of New York.

Bowden-Davis—On May 25, in Saint James's Church, Mr. William Marshall Bowden, son of Mrs. G. Marshall Bowden and Mr. Laurens R. Bowden, and Miss Bernice Elizabeth Davis, daughter of Mr. John Marcus Davis.

Colmore-Thomas—On June 23, in Christ Church, Guilford, Connecticut, Dr. Henry Perrine Colmore, son of the Right Reverend Charles Blayney Colmore and Mrs. Colmore, of San Juan, Porto Rico, and Miss Mary Virginia Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Cecil Thomas, of New York and "East River Farm," Madison, Connecticut.

Gerry-Kramer—On May 5, in the Episcopal Church of the Advent, Westbury, Long Island, Mr. Robert Livingston Gerry, junior, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Livingston Gerry, of New York and Delhi, New York, and Miss Marleigh Kramer, daughter of Mr. A. Ludlow Kramer, of Westbury.

Goodenough-Brooks—On June 20, in the Princeton University Chapel, Princeton, New Jersey, Mr. Daniel Webster Goodenough, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leeman W. Goodenough, of Detroit, Michigan, and Miss Margaret Brooks, daughter of Mrs. Walter Brooks, of Detroit and Princeton.

Lynes-Akin—On May 30, in Saint Matthew's Church, Bedford, New York, Mr. J. Russell Lynes, son of the late Reverend Dr. Joseph R. Lynes and Mrs. Lynes, of Englewood, New Jersey, and Miss Mildred Akin, daughter of Mrs. Henry Ives Cobb, of "Cobcote," Bedford Hills, New York.

Mathews-Smith—On May 11, in the Church of the Resurrection, Mr. Sidney Mathews, son of the late Albert Henderson Mathews and Mrs. Mathews, and Miss Dorothea Street Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis G. Smith.

Rennard-Bartlett—On June 16, at "Fenridge," Cresskill, New Jersey, Mr. Joseph C. Rennard, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Clifford Rennard, of New York, and Miss Elizabeth Ball Bartlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Bartlett, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Rotan-Douglas—On May 4, in the Chapel of Saint Bartholomew's Church, New York, Mr. Edward Rotan, son of Mr. and Mrs. George V. Rotan, of Houston, Texas, and Miss Virginia Douglas, daughter of Mrs. Douglass Mortimer Bomeisler, of New York and Greenwich, Connecticut.

BOISE, IDAHO

Ailshie-Davidson—On May 12, in Boise, Idaho, Mr. Robert Ailshie, son of Mr. and Mrs. James F. Ailshie, of Cœur d'Alene, Idaho, and Miss Elizabeth Lee Davidson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Nowbray Davidson, of Boise.

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

Hamilton-Gilchrist—On May 19, Mr. Herman Prolleau Hamilton, son of the late James Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton, and Miss Edith Muriel Gilchrist, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Spencer Gilchrist.

Owen-Yates—On June 2, Mr. Andrew F. Owen, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Owen, of Jarratt, Virginia, and Miss Clair Yates, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. David S. Yates.

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

McGillevray-Barbour—On May 12, Mr. Richard Morrison McGillevray, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Swinton McGillevray, and Miss Florence Barbour, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson Barbour.

HOUSTON

Searles-Montgomery—On May 1, Mr. David Thomas Searles and Miss Viola Catherine Montgomery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh F. Montgomery.

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

Cucullu-Peters—On May 19, in Hyattsville, Maryland, Mr. Allen Polk Cucullu, son of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Cucullu, and Miss Mary Sheffey Peters, daughter of Dr. Don Preston Peters and Mrs. Peters.

POUGHKEEPSIE

Lane-Hasbrouck—On May 30, Mr. William Swift Lane, of Putnam, Connecticut, son of Mrs. Swift Lane, of Poughkeepsie, New York, and of Mr. Silas Lane, of Baltimore, Maryland, and Miss Rosalind Hasbrouck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Hasbrouck, of Poughkeepsie.

SAINT LOUIS

Bacon-Green—On June 16, Mr. Leonard Lee Bacon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Beaumont Bacon, of Rochester and "Beauthwaite," Webster, New York, and Miss Helen Celeste Green, daughter of Dr. John Green and Mrs. Green, of Saint Louis, Missouri.

SPRINGFIELD

Rich-Pynchon—On June 3, Mr. Edward De Mars Rich, of Tacoma, Washington, and Miss Edith Pynchon, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Flint Pynchon.

TROY

Burke-Curtis—On April 16, Mr. John T. Burke, of Albany, New York, and Miss Gertrude Curtis, daughter of Mrs. Frank C. Curtis.

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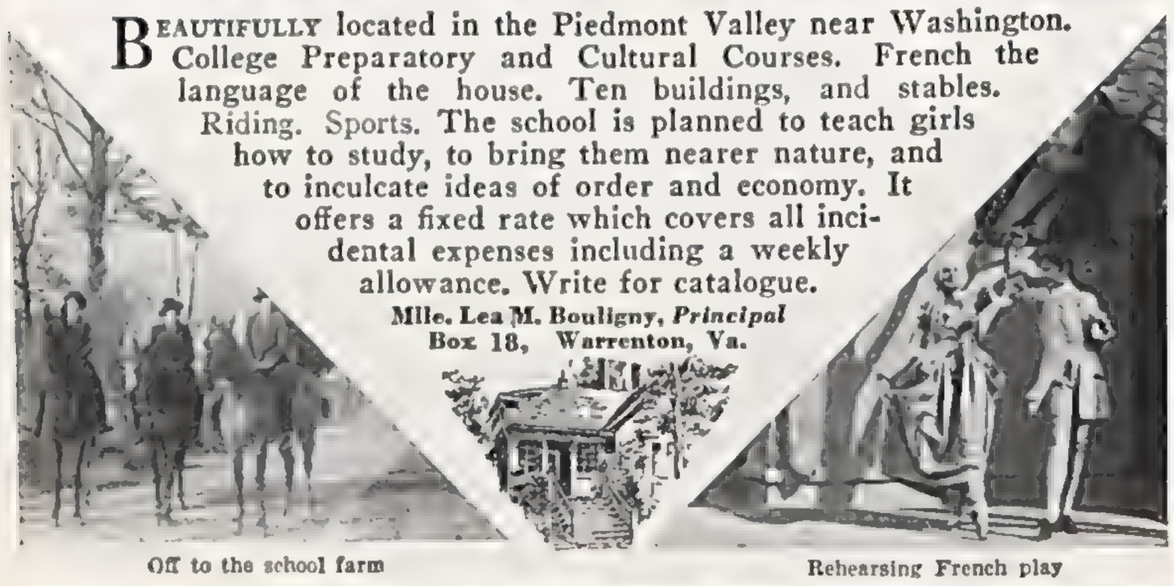
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Parlez-Vous Français?

If your answer is "No, but I used to," and you live in New York City . . . voici des nouvelles! The French School for Girls opens again this autumn. This is the school, you will remember, where to lapse into English is a lapse indeed. It just isn't done.

And for the young woman about town who wants to keep her French alive, who wants to be able to read *Le Visionnaire* in the original and other French books, there will be a discussion class on Modern French Literature . . . designed to help one keep that schoolgirl fluency and broaden one's horizon. This course should appeal to young married women who save some time from their social life for further culture.

Gregg on Cape Cod

Secretarial training need not be a nose-to-the-grindstone business. Carver Hall, at Onset, Massachusetts, has done away with that. Even shorthand is easy to learn before a cozy, open fire in an old-fashioned Cape Cod inn. Typewriting, commercial law, business economics go better when mixed with swimming, boating, or winter sports . . . all of which is part of Carver Hall's idea of learning secretarial science and business management.

Who'll Buy My Vegetables?

Who doesn't like to putter in the ground . . . plant seeds . . . see things grow . . . and eat or sell the results?

There is one school . . . and only one of its kind in America . . . where women are taught to cash in on agriculture . . . where you will find a Bryn Mawr graduate working in a dairy barn . . . or a Wellesley girl in a greenhouse.

The School of Horticulture for Women at Ambler, Pennsylvania, reports graduates in prominent activities—writers, lecturers, garden consultants—one growing lilies in Oregon, another boxwood in Virginia.

Off for Addis Ababa

How does one get training for the United States Foreign Service . . . prepare for consular posts in far-off, fascinating corners of the globe . . . learn the duties of diplomatic commissions in foreign capitals? Here is the news . . . and the answer.

The Roudybush School for diplomatic and consular service offers the necessary training, for men or women. If you have an aspiring vice-consul in your family, we call attention, in a diplomatic way, to this school in Washington, D. C.

Let's Get Down to Business

Babson Institute in Babson Park, Massachusetts, trains young men in a business background. Each student has a regular office desk in an office building . . . his own phone and ediphone. Business hours begin at 8:30 . . . so he punches a time clock. Secretaries take his dictation. Factories show him how actual business is done. Not just theory, but practise, at Babson. You get your son delivered as a full-fledged business executive after a one- or two-year course.

Straighten Up!

Stoneleigh-Prospect Hill School in Greenfield, Massachusetts, is a leader in Mensendieck, having introduced this system of physical education in 1909. On May first, its leadership was recognized when two score of educators gathered there at a conference to study and discuss the fundamentals of the system.

Mensendieck, in case you are wondering, is a natural system of training the body and has no relation to Swedish drill or any calisthenic system. It seems to work wonders in breathing, carriage, and development.

NEWS...

Junior College Grows

At Bradford, Massachusetts, Bradford Junior College, which claims the distinction of being New England's oldest institution for the higher education of women, drops all but the last year of college preparatory work this coming autumn. The trustees have just announced that beginning in 1935, the secondary school will be dropped entirely, and the institution will be devoted entirely to junior college interests.

Speaking of Politics

The girls at St. Mary's School in Concord, New Hampshire, are trained to take an interest in the world they live in. Field trips to inspect and understand different industries are part of this preparation. And, speaking of politics, they follow the life of certain bills from start to finish in the New Hampshire legislature . . . when that august body is in session.

Forge

Visitors to Holderness School, Plymouth, New Hampshire, are impressed by the school sign made by the boys in the school forge. It is wrought in iron and bears the arms of the school. In connection with the course in Manual Arts, first-hand inspiration is found in visits to near-by woodworking and machine-making plants, and a foundry.

Village Government

Much has been done with student government. But Avon Old Farms in Avon, Connecticut, has set a new mark. The school is organized as the village of Old Farms . . . Post Office, Bank, Village Green . . . everything that typifies a New England village.

Wardens and Council members are elected. And since even a New England village has its transgressors, courts of law are maintained. A citizen arrested . . . the charge—possession of firearms . . . a brilliant, if embryonic lawyer won an acquittal, and the Town Council was forced to add air rifles to their list of contraband.

A recent village ordinance appropriated $101 to restock Lower Walton with brook trout. Apparently, the citizens like their fishing.

And since our New England forefathers made hard, manual work a part of their creed for success, Avon Old Farms profits by their example. Each week a different group of boys goes to the Farm to help look after the cattle and sheep and do the chores. They sleep in the farmer's house . . . and then go to school, carrying the morning supply of milk.

Health and Happiness

If you have been interested in the work of the London School of Margaret Morris Movement, you will be glad to know that this method of physical exercise is now being taught at Halcyon Farms School, Goshen, New York.

Margaret Morris says that medical treatment should be artistically presented . . . and her method combines the medical and aesthetic values of movement. In addition, she has succeeded in making exercise interesting to children as well as effective.

Up and Doing

Student government works with varying degrees of efficiency. At Cherry Lawn School in Darien, Connecticut, the Brain Trust seems to be engineering a New Deal. The students wanted more daylight hours for play. So they arbitrarily advanced standard time two hours instead of the one the rest of us enjoy . . . worked out a complete schedule . . . forgetting nothing . . . presented it, and had it adopted. Breakfast is now at 6:45, which must be a trifle hard on the faculty.

Peripatetic Art

Artists, too, it seems, can now be "made in Czechoslovakia." The International School of Art, which has an office here in New York City, lives up to its name . . . offering courses in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Roumania, Austria . . . even Tunis. Such courses offer a wonderful way to get the true flavour and inspiration of foreign art . . . sending Mahomet to the mountain, so to speak. The enrollment is made up of teachers and professors of art, artists working in many fields, and students from all parts of the United States.

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Vogue covers

Sidewalks to Roofs



• Lists to starboard, lists to port—your Flaneur is practically foaming with formulae and graphs and diagrams. And now he submits his chef d'œuvre—facts about al fresco lunching, drinking (both hard and soft), dining, and supping. Well, here it is:

MID-TOWN

Biltmore Hotel, Madison Avenue and Forty-Third Street
Roof Restaurant. Luncheon, cocktails (in the cocktail lounge), dinner, and supper. Jack Berger's Astorians play for dancing in the evening.

Chatham Hotel, 33 East Forty-Eighth Street
Chatham Walk. Tables with or without big umbrellas, and a bar at the back that looks like the front of an inn. Luncheon, cocktails, and dinner.

Leon and Eddie's, 33 West Fifty-Second Street
"April in Paris" is the name of their new summer garden. Gala luncheon, cocktails, dinner, and supper. Eddie Davis sings to you.

Marguéry Hotel, Park Avenue at Forty-Seventh Street
Pavilion Marguéry, a cool outdoor restaurant, like Armenonville in Paris, with one of the nicest bartenders in New York.

Mayfair Yacht Club, Far East, on Fifty-Second Street
Right on East River, with ships and barges sliding by while you enjoy your luncheon, cocktail, dinner, or supper. Walker O'Neill's orchestra plays for dinner and supper; Dwight Fiske sings to you.

Mon Paris, 142 East Fifty-Third Street
Bar in the garden. Delicious dinners are served indoors, quite, quite adjacent to the outdoor bar. Music by Gene Fosdick.

Montclair Hotel, Lexington at Forty-Ninth Street
Casino-in-the-Air, where you may sit indoors or out, on the high roof. Harold Stern and orchestra play during lunch, dinner, and supper, daily.

Park Lane, Park Avenue at Forty-Ninth Street
Park Lane Gardens; two of them, one indoors and one outdoors. Luncheon, cocktails, dinner, and supper. Max Bergère's orchestra.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Avenue at Forty-Sixth Street
Japanese Garden. Luncheon, cocktail hour, and late dinner. Armand Vescey and his orchestra offer musical accompaniment.

Therese Worthington Grant, Park Avenue at Forty-Ninth Street
Southern Colonial porch and garden with umbrellas. Luncheon, cocktails, and dinner.

The Tuscany Hotel, 120 East Thirty-Ninth Street
Small leafy garden. Luncheon, cocktails, and dinner, every day. Bela Loblov and his ensemble play in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Avenue at Fiftieth Street
Starlight Roof, and adjoining Palm Bar. Luncheon, cocktail hour, dinner, and supper dancing. Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play for dancing during dinner; alternate with Horacio Zito and his orchestra at supper.

UP-TOWN

Chez Jean, 11 East Sixtieth Street
Infinitesimal garden, lighted with blue lights. Only six or seven tables—but then the whole restaurant isn't large, either. Atmosphere of quiet intimacy.

Coq Rouge, 65 East Fifty-Sixth Street
Cool small garden, and cool interior. Clarence Tisdale's Trio, and Phil Handelman's orchestra. Luncheon, cocktail hour, dinner, and supper. Menus that tease a hot-weather appetite.

Delmonico Hotel, 502 Park Avenue
Roof. Luncheon, cocktails, dinner with dancing. George Lawrence and his orchestra play on week-day evenings.

Kungsholm Restaurant, 142 East Fifty-Fifth Street
Summer garden and cocktail room. Luncheon, cocktails, dinner, and supper. Swedish specialties.

La Rue Restaurant, 480 Park Avenue
New summer garden. Luncheon, dinner, and supper. Arthur Warren plays for dancing. Delicious food in a charming place.

Madison Hotel, 15 East Fifty-Eighth Street
Bar-Buffet, a new open-air roof with balloons; stars overhead on clear nights, an awning on rainy nights. Very special hot or cold buffet dinner. Argentine and his orchestra play every evening except Sunday.

Penthouse Bella Vista, 139 East Fifty-Seventh Street
Penthouse porch. Cocktail hour, dinner, and supper. Music by the Saucy Songsters, with Paul South and Fran Craven.

Pierre Hotel, Fifth Avenue at Sixty-First Street
Roof, with the highest balconies in town, and an exciting view while you have luncheon, cocktails, dinner, or supper. Jack Denny's orchestra plays for dinner and supper, and Sunday dinner.

Robert Restaurant, 33 West Fifty-Fifth Street
New bar that opens onto the terrace—the rest of the restaurant is cool and gardeny, though you really eat indoors. As good food as anywhere in New York.

Saint Moritz Hotel, 50 Central Park South
Sky Gardens. Belasco and Russian Band play every evening for dinner and supper. And there's also a new sidewalk café.

Saint Regis Hotel, Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Fifth Street
Roof, newly decorated. Dinner and supper daily except Sunday. Vincent Lopez and his orchestra play for dancing. Medrano and Donna, dance entertainers. Jules Lande and his concert ensemble play during luncheon.

Sulgrave Restaurant, Park Avenue at Sixty-Sixth Street
Terrace restaurant. Luncheon and dinner. Very small, quiet, and intimate. Also a nice place to drop in for a mid-afternoon iced-drink.

DOWN-TOWN

Brevoort Hotel, Fifth Avenue at Eighth Street
Sidewalk restaurant. Old New York atmosphere and delicious luncheon, cocktails, and dinner.

Fifth Avenue Chemist, 10 Fifth Avenue
Sidewalk seats while you sip sodas, or sup sundaes, or sandwiches to order.

the town

Fifth Avenue Hotel, Fifth Avenue at Ninth Street
Sidewalk restaurant—a good long one, with cedars, green carpet, and awning. Luncheon, cocktail hour, dinner, and supper. Capital cuisine. A new bar is due to open about now—this will open on the sidewalk, too.

Longchamps Restaurant, 55 Fifth Avenue
Garden café, set apart from the sidewalk by tall green cedars. Luncheon, cocktails, and dinner.

Mori's, 144 Bleecker Street
Garden. Nye Mayhew and orchestra play for cocktail hour, dinner, and supper. Week-days from three o'clock on, Sundays from five o'clock on.

One Fifth Avenue, at that address
Sidewalk restaurant, and Continental Bar. Cedar trees and leisurely atmosphere. Open from twelve noon, every day.

WEST SIDE

Astor Hotel, Broadway and Forty-Fourth Street
Roof Restaurant. Luncheon, cocktails (in the cocktail lounge), dinner, and supper. Jack Berger's Astorians play for dancing in the evening.

Chez Janet, 237 West Fifty-Second Street
Attractive new summer garden, and Janet's famous French cooking.

McAlpin Hotel, Broadway at Thirty-Fourth
Roof Restaurant. A cool place high up. Open from luncheon on. Sam Robbins and his orchestra play during dinner and on through the night.

Pennsylvania Hotel, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-Third Street
Roof. Don Bestor and his orchestra play for cocktail hour, dinner, and supper, on week-days.

BROOKLYN

Bossert Hotel, 98 Montague Street
Marine Roof. All fixed up like a ship. Luncheon, tea, cocktails, dinner, and supper. Eddie Lane and his orchestra play for dinner and supper, and for Sunday dinner.

Saint George Hotel, 51 Clark Street
New roof restaurant. Combination swim in the pool, and luncheon. Dinner, and à la carte supper. Eli Dantzig plays.

Proletarian Pleasures

• No one can help being intensely interested in the city's summer projects and the consequent proletarian movement out into the parks. And if the Casino and the Claremont are not what they used to be—neither are the bad lands behind the Public Library, now well on their way to being a terraced haven of green grass, trees, and fountains.

In the evenings, the Goldman Band, the New York Civic Orchestra, the University Concert Orchestra, the Knickerbocker Little Symphony Orchestra, and other concert orchestras, bands, and dance bands play out-of-doors, from Battery Park to The Bronnix. Have you been to see the dancing on the Mall in Central Park? There's a decidedly European and *fiesta* feeling about it—without any rowdiness. And, on nights when the band plays, you can gaze across the soft carpet of grass and dream that you're back in the *Tiergarten* with the laughing Heinike on your arm.

More Music in the Air



• Then there's the Stadium with its Philharmonic concerts, and operas. After dining at the Claremont, on Riverside Drive and conveniently near, you can stroll over to the Stadium without running amok in the press and throng that usually attend a last-minute arrival from the other end of town. Mr. Eugene Ormandy, of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra follows Mr. Iturbi as conductor, for the next two weeks, and Mr. Willem Van Hoogstraten will conduct for the last three weeks of the concert season, which ends the twentieth of August. The operas, Friday and Saturday evenings, for the rest of the series are: "Boris Godounov," "Aïda," "Die Walküre," and "Faust"—probably in the order named. The Stadium concerts are a pleasant way of spending a summer evening in town,* and a feast for the eyes, as well as the ears—with the mauve crowds lining the darkening bowl, the stars overhead, and lighted cigarettes glowing like millions of pink fireflies.

• The Hippodrome, on Sixth Avenue at Forty-Third Street, continues its welcome opus of welcome operas during the summer. The most popular ones are "Carmen," "Aïda," "Madame Butterfly," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and "La Gioconda."

"FLANEUR"

*Helpful Hint: bring along your own softest cushions—you'll need them, even though you can rent nice flat ones up there at the Stadium—, and be a child again with a bottle of Coca-Cola, root beer, or soda pop, during intermissions.

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▪ ▪ No matter how familiar you may be with the New York shops, you can't possibly know all the good ones. Here are some of the smartest specialty shops to be found. Whether it's a beauty treatment, a particular type of sports dress, a shoe, or a hat—the chances are you'll find it among the shops advertised on this page. You may write to any of them with entire confidence in their integrity, for they measure up to the same plane of smartness upon which Vogue itself operates.

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VOGUE

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUEHL-BOURGES

JAY-THORPE HAS THE WORKMANLIKE GARDENING COSTUME THAT MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE WEARS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE. ITS COMPONENT PARTS ARE A WHITE LINEN DRESS, SLEEVELESS AND PRACTICALLY BACKLESS, AN OVERALL-BLUE JACKET AND BELT MADE OF A LINEN THAT HAS THE STURDY RUGGEDNESS OF DENIM WITHOUT BEING HOT AND HEAVY TO WEAR, AND A BROAD-BRIMMED HAT MADE OF BLUE LINEN. THE BULKY WHITE GARDENING GLOVES, THE CORNFLOWERS, AND THE WORKMANLIKE SHEARS ARE ALL FROM MAX SCHLING

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ALISON SETTLE-EDITOR OF BRITISH VOGUE

EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE — EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE THREE VOGUES

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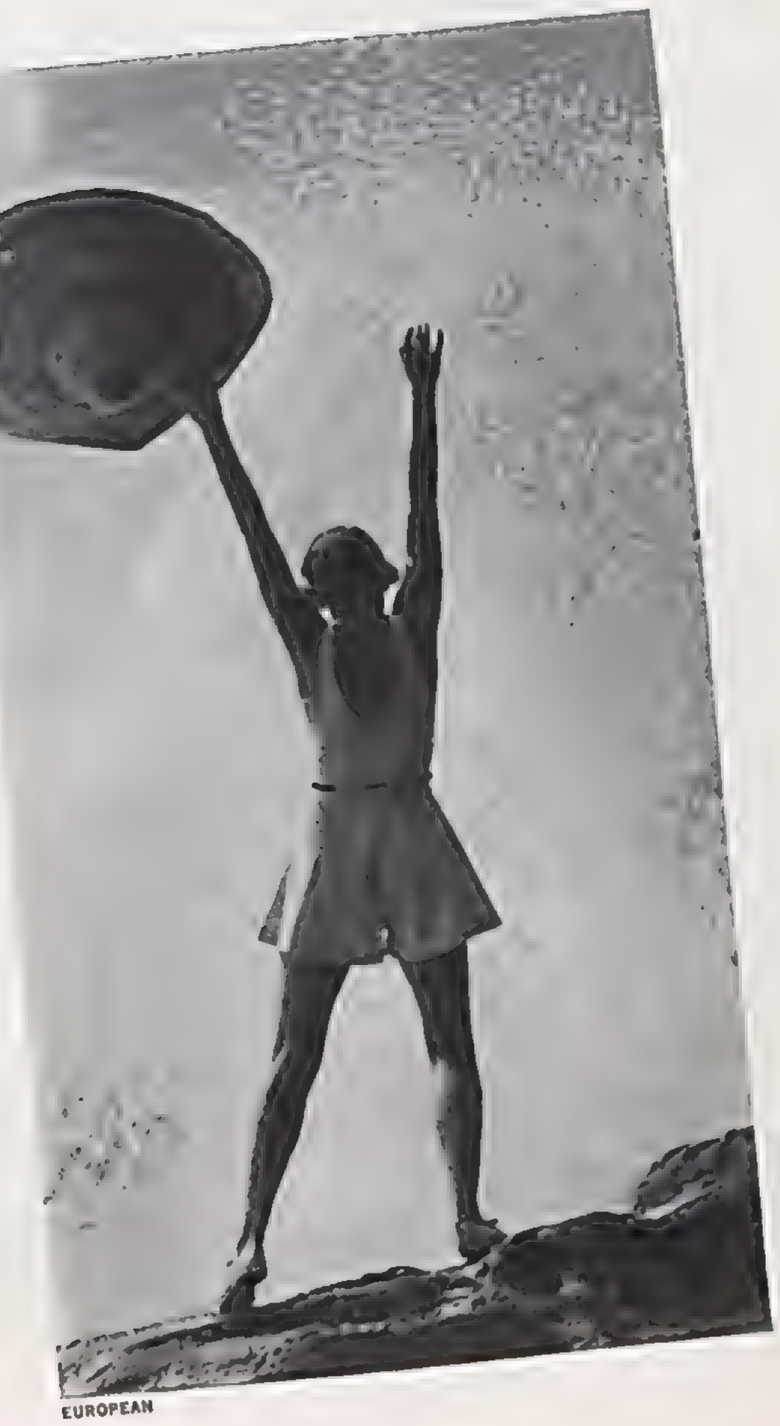
W. I. LA CERTE

Vogue's eye view of the mode

FREEDOM is the key-word of this page. Freedom is the byword of this season. Kick off your shoes, toss up your hat, battle the spray, run wild, pack up your toothbrush, and *go*. Go like the couple below, the Drayton Cochrans, who put their home on a trailer and careen cross-country. (They went to Palm Beach that way last winter.) Or like Count and Countess Ledebur (Iris Tree), the vivid saga of whose trailer-travels heads this issue. The world won't profit by your worries for it. Neither will you. Give yourself a break, and you'll give the world a break. One less soul in discontent, one less stifled human, is a worthy enough goal—and a fine excuse for hedonists!

• As for the mammals above, they're your silver-fox cape running wild on one of the biggest fox preserves in the country—the Fromm Brothers' farm up in Wisconsin. On page 47, you'll learn what happens to them and their furred kindred from the clamp of the trap to the final coat. In other words, you'll learn a lot about your mink or seal coat that you've never dreamed of. Make your husband read it, too. Because when he's finished he'll be far less likely to rise in wrath at the bill for your new fur coat. For once in his life, he'll realize that the amount was pretty well justified, much as he hates to admit it.

• To cheer him, then, take him to the Hungarian plains (see page 28) or distract him with Steichen's lovely colour photography of Hawaiian flora and fauna on pages 33 to 36.



EUROPEAN





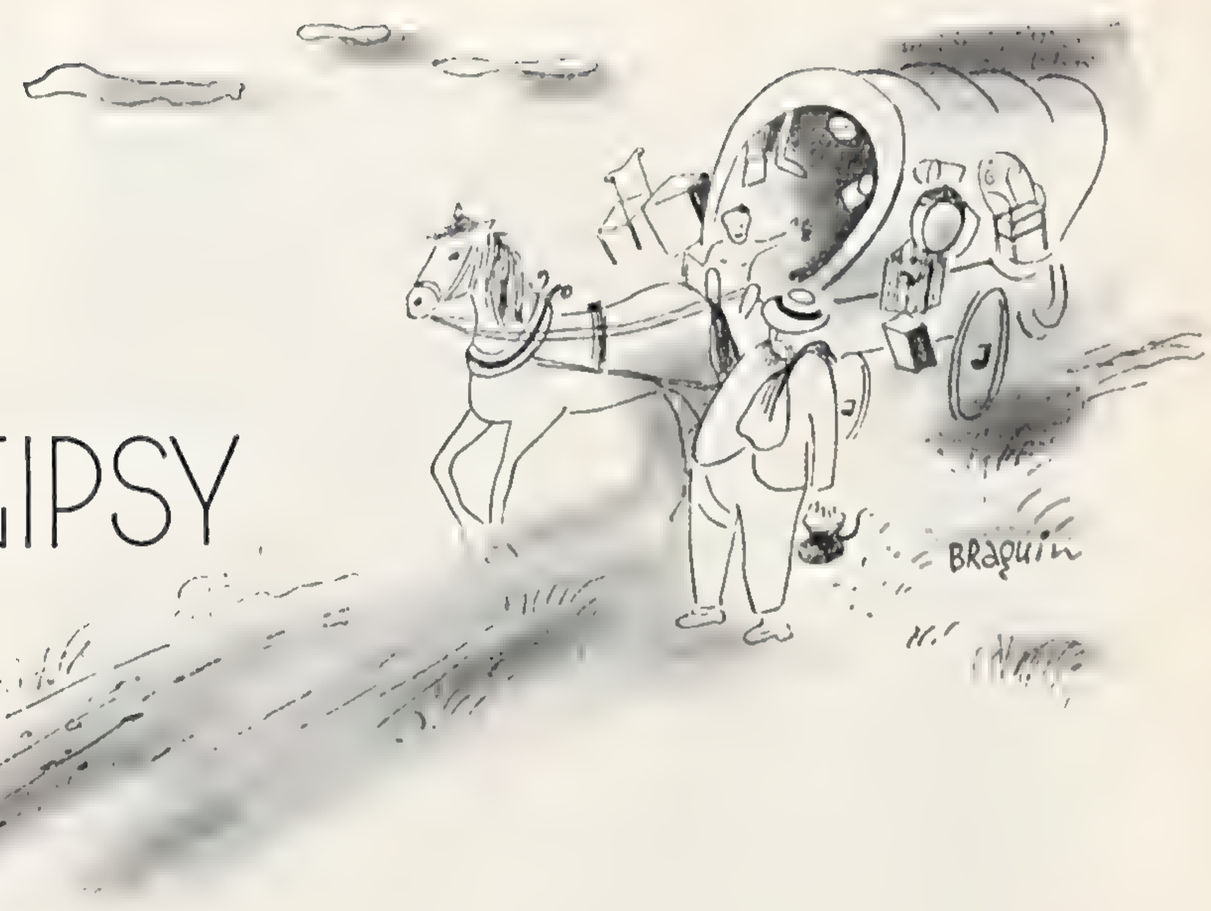
HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ

ROMANY IN HOLLYWOOD

Baron Hoyningen-Huené, on his recent visit to California, took this photograph, which gives an advance glimpse of "Caravan," caught while the new Fox film was being directed by Erik Charell, of European movie fame

FREE-WHEELING GIPSY

by IRIS TREE



I HAVE ALWAYS been romantic about gipsies. People tell me that they are really a dirty, unprogressive race, musical, but otherwise limited to stealing and superstition. They say, moreover, that it is unprogressive to be romantic about gipsies, that factories and airplanes should be admired—speed, stream-lines, and sky-scrapers. They say, too, that travelling is a hypnotic delusion: one imagines that by moving one is getting somewhere—in reality, it is only an escape.

I know—but if I pass a fair by stream-line, by airplane, I have to halt, mount a wooden horse, and knock down a coconut. I always sigh when a circus goes on without me. And I have another mania, which is house-hunting. I have never lived in a house longer than three months, for my mother also is a house-hunter. If she hears of a ruined tower or a lighthouse or a barn, she desires it, furnishes it, plants a thousand bulbs, and leaves it for another.



The process with me is even quicker. Desire and disillusion are almost simultaneous, so I need no furniture, plant no tulips. Instead of fighting these foolish passions, I have combined them by the purchase of a caravan—a modern trailer van, it is true, drawn by a Ford (the lean white horse remains a symbol). My husband also is a nomad and a hunter, not of houses, but of animals, so we headed our van to Maryland, where the foxes grow.

Our start from New York was not ideal. We loaded the van with luggage, waved good-bye to our friends, and broke down immediately, spending twelve hours in a garage to get the moorings strengthened. We had to drive most of the night to reach the meet in the morning. We lurched and crawled; the van seemed a heavy burden, yet flimsy and unreliable. It was bitterly cold, for we could not master the camp cooker, which spat and exploded. The floor space was cluttered with luggage, rain drummed threateningly on the roof. In the morning, the water was frozen, and there was a confusion of routes.

But we got to the meet at the last moment. My husband hunted while I rested, luxuriating already in the comforts of a real house. (It was the house of the Master of Hounds, Harvey Ladew, filled with the mythology of the chase and looking over wide brown country.) How well they live in the South—with a greater mellowness than in other places! The cocktail there is not a frenziedly shaken summons to the woman's thin diet and the tired man's pleasures, but a radiance by the fire after hard exercise in rain and wind.

We stayed four days in Maryland, then took regretfully to the road, throwing out more ballast as we went and mastering the camp cooker. Travelling southward, away from winter, we found warmer rains, softer winds. We pitched in Aiken and discovered friends there, rode the drags in the pine woods, and walked the dove-shoots in yellow sunlight and corn-stubble—hoping, I confess, that the guns would miss.

Aiken is a feminine sport-paradise. The Amazon takes precedence with horse and gun, plays polo, drives buggies and station-wagons in every cut of trouser, while the men passively accompany her. I ought to feel proud of my sex; but, no, retrograde again, I like men in their arrogant imperiousness, despising and flattering us when we poach on their preserves.

From Aiken we went to Charleston and the beautiful melancholy gardens of magnolias and camellias and trees that hang long hair over the swamps. Charleston and New Orleans we found a little sedate and colourless, having imagined black people in bandannas dancing beside the sea. But the gradual warming and slowing up, the softness of the air and speech there have indescribable charm.

It was warm enough to sleep outdoors, and that I love. We dragged our duffel-bags onto the grass by a whippoorwill wood and watched the rising of the moon and the sun. It is not always easy to find a camping place. My romantic house-



hunting propensities lead me to imagine an ideal dingle with a stream—but, often, we must content ourselves with the back of filling stations and auto camps. At first, we visited an occasional hotel, but now we are rooted to the van. We park in vacant lots in the middle of a city; we develop an eye for deserted houses, stolen water-taps and firewood. The life of the mind is neglected; we do not read or write—we travel, cook, wash up, and sleep.

As a cook, I am still in the steak-and-bacon class. I can cope with eggs, but not with chickens. Cooking outdoors is my specialty. It takes many hours, sometimes from dusk to midnight—I don't know why. Collecting the wood, dragging out food and utensils—that part goes quickly enough, for hunger hurries it. But, after the meal is over, one is faced by what I call the defeated army—an incredible, dejected array of broken foods and blackened pots. At noon, we generally eat at lunch-counters on the way. It is a great pleasure to stop after driving for hours. Sauntering through the streets of a strange town, we find the café that has been warning us of its merits for miles and get into geographical debates there in the warmth and frying and radio monologues.

We have a radio in the car. I don't like them as a rule, but it's fun to catch the new cities before one reaches them. We travel usually about three hundred miles a day at a pretty good speed, now that the van has grown light and customary. Ten-

SNAPS OF THE AUTHORESS AND HER HUSBAND, COUNT LEDEBUR, ON THEIR TRAILER TRAVELS



nessee, Missouri, Texas—the flat dead desert lands towards Mexico. On the border, we left the van, and when we returned there had been rain and the sage was white with blossom.

The Texas desert has a solemn, splendid monotony, lit now by this exuberance of blossom, but the New Mexican deserts are alive—with light, I suppose. The earth is red, and the sky against it a sharp blue. We camped for two days near Lordsburg, high up in a wilderness of hills and spiky rocks that open onto a flat rose coloured sea, mottled with grey sage. It is beautiful beyond the loveliness of green meadows.

In Phœnix, it was hot and the heat grew all day long. We panted on till the desert's edge cooled into orange-trees—their smell, mingled with eucalyptus, is the whole of California.

We reached Hollywood at last towards evening, and there had a rest from travel.

How familiar Hollywood Boulevard seemed, with Greta Garbo's name slung across in giant letters of light and the little Spanish houses and green lawns and birds in the trees! Every one lives so well in the sunlight, and yet every one is dissatisfied. But that's another story—we must find a camping ground.

We camped in a friend's back-yard, where they were delighted to welcome us. "Don't bother about us," we said, "we'll simply put the van here. We've got everything we want." But flesh weakens—if one is really outside civilization, one can dispense with it, but it is hard to go on pretending that Hollywood is a jungle. "Would you mind if I telephoned?—Might I have a bath?—May we leave our bags?—" Gradually, we encroached and became insufferable.

We spread our duffel-bags on one lawn and slept there. Another lawn, we made into our dining-room. The van had to be emptied and sent to the cleaners, so we hung up our clothes on the trees; our luggage was piled in the paths ("Don't worry, don't bother, we have everything we want!"). Then there was a party. We had to dress up for it, and dressing by flash-light, bottles on the grass, the leaf-strewn wardrobe fluttering in the wind, and the temper not too good—that was a little trying! Vans are not made for vanity. Then, too, I became more and more restless and ambitious for perfect sites; if we parked in a garden, I wanted to be perched on a hilltop; from the hill, I desired the ocean. Only the grandest views would satisfy me—and why not? If you have a moving house—move it.

Hollywood always has the same effect on me. When I arrive, I am in a fever to see every one, to visit the swells and the stars, to go to parties, to get contracts—for what I don't quite know, but contracts are in the air. But the swells and the stars chafe so at their contracts that gradually it becomes a distinction and a blessing to have none. Only we can enjoy the beaches and the mountain trails (Continued on page 77)







STEICHEN

LANVIN (BENDEL)

BLACK-AND-WHITE NIGHTS

HERE are some exhilarating antidotes to hot-weather doldrums—suave little masterpieces from distinguished French designers. All of them —on this and the next three pages—are in black or black-and-white, and all will provide the refreshing change that every wardrobe needs at this time of the year.

In the photograph above, Mrs. William T. Wetmore wears a Lanvin gown that proves anew the unsurpassed chic of black and white. It's of satin, black and sleek and beautifully cut to mould the figure, and it's topped with bouffant sleeves made of white organdie flowers. Bendel has this model.

• The black net confection shown on the opposite page is Lelong's contribution to the glamour of the evening. Delightfully cool to wear on the hottest summer night, it can go on into the autumn with equal success. A bewitching ruffle outlines the low décolletage in back and continues up over the shoulders to give a becoming softness to the deep V neckline. The ruffle motif is repeated at the head of a spiral flounce that ends in a train. Frock from Joseph. The jewels shown on this and the next three pages are from Black, Starr and Frost-Gorham. The iron balcony in the background is from Lavezzo, and the chair above, on this page, is from the Arden Studios



LELONG (JOSEPH)



MAINBOCHER (BERGDORF GOODMAN) • MAINBOCHER (SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, SALON MODERNE)

STEICHEN



VIONNET (SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, SALON MODERNE)

STEICHEN

BLACK-AND-WHITE DAYS

MAINBOCHER uses a light-weight black woolen for the instep-length dress that Miss Jane Swope wears at the left on the opposite page. It's slim, straight, and perfect for cocktails and informal dinners, now or later under a fur cape or short coat. The wide scarf of white silk crêpe tucks into a brilliant red belt; Bergdorf Goodman

• Cool and decisive is the black-and-white print that Miss Margaret Minnigerode is wearing in the same photograph. It's a Mainbocher dress with a tunic front and the swinging back panel this designer is sponsoring. Dress and Descat hat of white organdie from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Blanche Storrs décor

• In the photograph above, Miss Isabel Johnson wears Vionnet's ensemble with a black crêpe dress and a dazzling white alpaca coat—incredibly cool to wear and to look at. The coat is unlined and sleeveless, and it is smartly slashed up the back—still another version of the trend towards slits that Paris brought out in the mid-season collections; from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Miss Johnson's hat is a flat, wide-brimmed model of white toya, which is also from Saks-Fifth Avenue. Her trimly clipped companion is a Blakeen poodle, and the bench used in the photograph is—more appropriately than we expected—to be found at the Flea Market



SURPRISES IN FABRIC

HÉLÈNE YRANDE made this—a bathing-suit with a skirt with a train tied over it, resulting in a charming evening dress that won't crumple when you curl up on the sofa. All of cotton jersey, with lime-green lining the panels

DE NAGORNOFF makes another unpretentious model for quiet nights in the country. It's half-lounging robe, half-evening dress, of hand-knitted wool-and-cotton, fastened down the front with prystal clips and slit below the knee

AUGUSTABERNARD'S Directoire evening suit, for town or country, has a short jacket of silk crêpe like the dress, tied at the throat, but open below to show the wine-red bodice. The Salon de Couture at Bonwit Teller has this in green and white

DE NAGORNOFF thought up this intoxicating combination—geranium and lime-green. The cape looks as if it were worn backwards (it's meant to look that way). The fabric is non-crushable Czechoslovakian linen. Cape from Hattie Carnegie

FOR QUIET EVENINGS



GOLD BRAID AND PALACE GATES — VADAS ERNÖ



THE RUSTLE OF STARCHED PETTICOATS, CHURCH-BOUND — TIBOR HEGYEI

HUNGARIAN PLAIN-CHANT

by James L. Campbell

HUNGARY is a land of contrasts. Within a few miles of each other, there are vast plains where there are neither trees, rivers, nor lakes, and wooded mountains surrounding the largest lake in Europe. This is Lake Balaton. Storms sweep across it without warning; *fogosch*, the most delicious fish in the world, live in it; and huge hotels, boarding-houses, casinos, bungalows, and private palaces line its shores. Here all Budapest comes during the summer months. Monte Carlo may be more international, but it is certainly not gayer. Sailboats and canoes of every colour sprinkle the clear water. Hundreds of bathers bathe, and—considering the almost Oriental modesty of the Hungarians—it is a slight shock to discover the very brief covering they apparently deem necessary when swimming.

Standing at the upper end of the lake is Keszthely, where Prince Festetics lives and entertains with pomp and ceremony. He is still immensely rich, and an invitation to Keszthely is almost like a royal command. Lucky is he who is asked to stay there, but anybody may sail past and admire the gardens, exclaim over the great size of the house, and imagine the treasures of art it contains. One may even hear the young Prince George Festetics strumming on the piano. He has very long fingers, an aristocratic nose, an ardent heart, and, apparently, a level head. There is an amusing story told of how, one afternoon at a polo match, he appeared with Lilli Hatvany. His Fürstenberg nieces had never seen this celebrated lady with whom their uncle's name was so constantly connected. They tried to look at her without appearing to do so. Their efforts must have been very awkward. (Continued on page 66)



ON SUNDAY THE PEASANT WOMEN SPREAD IN CIRCULAR GLORY



T. V. HEGYEY

CSIKÓS—HARD-RIDING HERDSMEN OF THE PLAINS

VADAS ERNÖ, BUDAPEST

THE VAST HORIZONS AND GENTLE CATTLE OF THE HORTOBÁGY



SUMMER IN

• These three versatile summer costumes reappear on the opposite page in autumn versions. But the black flat crêpe dress above is perfect for summer street wear with huge collar and cuffs of white faille, white gloves and bag, and a wide Panama. Dress from Saks-Fifth Avenue; hat from John-Frederics
• Petal edges soften the pink satin dress for summer dining; Jay-Thorpe
• The two-piece sports costume of grey angora has a brown taffeta scarf and brown belt; Wanamaker. The brown felt hat has a quill; from John-Frederics



TO AUTUMN

• Come autumn—the black crêpe dress appears without the white lingerie touches and hat and in their place adds a black caracal cape from Revillon and the newest of flat berets, of black felt and velvet from John-Frederics • A deep red velvet jacket with a scarf and long sleeves turns the satin dinner-dress into an autumn model; Jay-Thorpe. Add Revillon's small sable muff • With revers thrown back, the two-piece grey angora costume may be worn with a variety of sweaters. There is an unlined angora top-coat to match; Wanamaker

Impressions of Hawaii

EDWARD STEICHEN SPEAKING

BEGINNING with the high spot—the gay, colourful departure from Honolulu—passengers all along the upper decks drop coloured serpentines to the crowd on the dock. These weave themselves into a great cobweb curtain. To the strains of *Aloha Ohe*, the ship slowly leaves the dock. The cobweb tightens, then snaps, and the ends flicker gaily in the breeze.

Now out of the harbour towards the open sea. Opposite Diamond Head comes the ceremony of dropping leis overboard—to ensure a speedy return. The foamy wake of the ship leaves a white line in the gleaming emerald and cobalt sea, dotted with bright leis.

• This Hawaiian tradition—the giving and receiving of leis on arrival and departure—is one of the loveliest and most gracious customs I have ever seen. The artistry, the perfume, and the colour of these garlands give every one's eyes a far-away look and leave a haunting memory.

Flowers lead a happy life in Hawaii. You can wear leis all day, and they don't seem to mind it. Pick a hibiscus blossom in the morning, lay it on the table, and find it still fresh in the evening.

Many flowering trees accentuate the blue skies. Botanical names make way for the simple word "showers," and it is pink, blue, red, or gold "showers," according to the colour of the blossom of the particular tree that rains to the ground.

• The magic of Hawaii starts from the moment you sail out of the Golden Gate at San Francisco. (Registering my vote at once for this as the finest American city.) If you have not taken the precaution of putting your favourite complexes and inhibitions into storage, you will find you are now losing them.

Four grand days on the Pacific, the last two in tropical seas—then Honolulu, the first glimpse of Diamond Head, the tropical foliage and colour, the Hawaiian musical greetings, the leis, the champagne quality of the air get you and get you hard. The travel folders have not exaggerated.

Waikiki's white beach is small, smart, and snappy. The spectacle of the finely built young Hawaiians with their amazing skill on the surfboards, makes you want to try it. I saw one New York girl who had turned the trick in four days, standing up on the crest of a wave.

Behind the beach rises the Royal Hawaiian Hotel—rosy and magnificent, set in glorious tropical gardens that run to the edge of the sea.

The country club has a huge dining and dance veranda, the ceiling of which is completely covered with a delicate, clinging vine—the only plant I have ever seen willing to grow in dark shadows. The daintily poised leaves, agitated by the breezes, whisper and dance for your delight.

• On the large, beautiful estates of American residents, one is overwhelmed by the opulence and colour of the tropical gardens.

Try the native drink *Okolehau*, called *Oke*. It has the flavour of good old Bourbon.

Watch the swift changes of sunshine to shadow, then sunshine, and the rainbows and rainbows.

Last, but not least, the great ship that took us there—the *Lurline*. She will wangle her way into your affections. Her dining-saloon decorated in soft Hawaiian greens and silver acts like a cocktail to your dinner.

ON WAIKIKI BEACH, HAWAII—The opposite page shows six young American residents picnicking on pineapples in the shade of a lau hala parasol—lau hala being a famous native fabric. From left to right, they are: Mrs. Gordon Hitchcock, in a crocheted suit, with a lau hala hat in front of her; Miss Virginia Pemberton; Miss Bernice Belser; Mrs. Peyton Harrison; Miss Barbara Baldwin; and Miss Alice Castle, in white corduroy. The little table is a new trick

STEICHEN

Against the steel flanks of the motor-ship "Lurline" Hawaii bound, the dark sea rustles by. The Martinis are limpid, the night breeze cool, the lady relaxed and reflective with her cigarette





Drinking in the salty blue and gold air, two girls face the sun in their Ransohoff sports togs, eager for the surf and the white beach and the lush green that await them in Hawaii, two days off

STEICHEN



POT-LUCK IN BISTROS



A few years ago, I was introduced to *bistro* dining in Paris by an American who sought the unusual, but whose spirits were low and apologetic over this particular venture. "The only thing to do," he said, "is to drink lots of cocktails before we go, for it is a foul little hole of a *bistro* near the Bourse, with a fat Madame who has promised to cook us a dinner—God knows what we will get!" And so we drank a great many cocktails, and we arrived one hour late to be greeted by the maddest Frenchwoman I ever care to see and her wiry little husband who tried to keep her from throwing us out. Their French thrift won, and we were allowed to come in and humbly eat our dinner, although the obvious drinking that we had done must have put a hatred in their hearts deeper than any debt situation could instil.

We had come in a slumming mood, and we left with the reverent memory of the most perfect food that any of us had ever eaten, complemented by wines, champagne, and brandy that could not be equalled from the cellar of a Rothschild. And to this day, I bemoan those cocktails that must have deadened some of the subtleties of taste that the fat Madame had produced for us. There were four of us, and I remember seeing two large thousand-franc notes pass from the wallet of my friend and only a few hundred-franc ones come back. It was not slumming at all, but princely dining at a princely price in humble surroundings.

I have never been able to find that place again, nor has the opulent occasion ever arisen to use it; but since then, *bistro* dining has become an ordinary and not so extravagant an affair in Paris. There are many of these hole-in-the-wall wine-shops that serve their specialties to appreciative gourmets without the formality of ordering beforehand. Generally, there is just room enough to line both walls with tables, leaving a small passage down the middle and a cubby-hole in the rear where all the cooking is done. There is no such thing as a table for two, if more people want to occupy it; you don't go to a *bistro* for intimate conversation, you go there to eat. What conversation you have is for every one, and, if you think that speaking English is a claim to privacy, take my advice and perish the thought, for many a reputation has been ruined on such suppositions. There is the story of a famous American girl lunching with two friends she had not seen for years and spreading her private life over the world via the *bistro*.

This was at 7 rue Chabanais (a street that does not owe its fame to dining), where, if you can get a seat, you can dip your bread in the best sauces in Paris (as the best families in France do). The scribbled menu contains the same dishes day after day, and if you ate them with equal regularity, your stomach would be old long before you. Regard your lunch or your dinner as a gastronomic indulgence, and don't hesitate to overeat. Their *homard au porto* comes all pink and bubbling in a casserole, pieces of tender lobster in a port sauce, every single drop of which you soak up with bread. After this, you have two choices: *coq au vin*, which literally is rooster cooked in red wine (although the sauce is almost black), or *poulet aux morilles* for those who fear a digestive debauch. The latter dish is very light, being chicken cooked with a white sauce and a species of mushroom.

There is no use turning back now, for plenty of damage has been done already; go ahead and order their scalloped potatoes, which are better than any your cook makes, because each piece of potato is generously rubbed with garlic. All of this can be aided and abetted by the drinking of good simple wine, about which Madame will advise you. You must accept the place as it is and take the (Continued on page 74)

ROYAL HAWAIIAN HOTEL—The opposite page shows the high-arched beach dining terrace—of the hotel, and, lunching in the fragrant shade: Miss Bernice Belser (at the left), in plaid gingham; leaning on the table, Mrs. Robert Johnson (a "malachini"—a newcomer); at her left, Miss Alice Castle. Back of them, under the exuberant sun, Mrs. Gordon Hitchcock, Miss Barbara Baldwin (in the bathing-suit), Miss Virginia Pemberton, Mrs. Ransom John McArthur, Mrs. Peyton Harrison

HURRELL



Here you see the sequence of a star in flight: Miss Katharine Hepburn, no less, on one of those breathless hops from West Coast to East Coast that are becoming the order of the day for many of us. First (at the right) at the United Air Lines airport at Los Angeles before the start; then sleeping on the clouds; then munching a sandwich, gamin-like; being interviewed by a reporter; and, finally—at the top of the opposite page—, alighting in New York just nineteen and one-half hours after her start

PLANE MANNERS
for the perfect lady

BY ELIZABETH BISGOOD



MISS HEPBURN ALIGHTS

WHEN you climb into a plane at the Newark Airport, it is just as well to leave behind you all those delightful qualities which have made you one of New York's most popular hostesses.

Perhaps you are a perfect listener and feel reluctant to stuff those eager and sympathetic ears with unresponsive cotton. Or possibly you have always been the champagne of the party, the flashing wit, or the charmingly unselfconscious merrymaker who bursts into song, and bursts well, and now you are depressed at the idea of silencing that clever little mouth with chewing-gum. But consider carefully before you reject these two vital adjuncts of air travel.

In a plane, a lady finds herself in the anomalous position of being entirely alone and yet observed by all. Wit and sympathy alike are drowned in the roar of the engines. Social intercourse in the air is limited to what can be accomplished visually. And any one who thinks I am going to discuss how and when to wink had better drop this article and the idea of air travel at once. There is a stern undercurrent of reality about long plane trips which makes the most artful wink in the world look silly.

To begin with the realities. Once in the air, there is nothing you can do about it until the pilot chooses to set you down. Therefore, you have your choice of looking out of the window, a pleasure that soon palls, reading, writing, or going to sleep. A plane is not the place to give your nails a good going over, nor is it the place in which to leap eagerly about screaming friendly nothings to friends or strangers. I have yet to hear the remark that can survive being roared into a cotton-stuffed ear a half a dozen times.



HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ

A perfect lady comes equipped. She does not insist on putting her overnight bag, with all the things she might want, at her feet. In the first place, it is against the rules. In the second place, after she has kicked it about for ten hours, it will not be a bag she ever wants to carry again. And in the third place, whenever she looks for a comb or a handkerchief, her sponge, nightgown, and a slipper leap into the aisle—to the horror of her neighbour, who does not feel quite like bending over to pick them up.

What she does bring is one of those big handbags that are the size and shape of beach bags and will sit on the seat beside her. In it, she will have her books, a pad, and pencil (planes carry no ink for the fountain-pen that unexpectedly runs dry), a neat arrangement of comb, powder, and lipstick, a few fresh handkerchiefs, and a box of aspirin. She will also take a little pillow which can be blown up and tucked into the gap where herself and the seat separate. She will not carry a flask, since it is against the rules to drink in the plane. She may do well to have a small bottle of eau de Cologne, but she will not bring her most penetrating perfume with which to refresh herself, remembering that the other passengers may need just one whiff of "L'Amour chez Fifi" to make them seriously ill.

So much for her equipment. The perfect lady will also realize that it is pleasant for her fellow passengers to look at something neat and fresh, rather than alluring. Therefore, she will be firm with gentlemen who eagerly press violets and orchids upon her. When dead, all vegetables are depressing. She will restrain (Continued on page 78)

Sporting Sequence

• For swimming, Miss Elizabeth Blair, the active young lady in these snap-shots, wears a Bradley bathing-suit. At the right, she is coming out of the water like an agile frog, in a red-and-white gingham-checked model of knitted wool, all in one piece, with an apron skirt

• For ping-pong (second photograph), she wears a short-sleeved white silk shirt-waist dress and, after the game, puts on a coat of navy-blue and white Rodier cotton. Her partner chooses a white crêpe dress and white suède jacket and hat; linen kerchief at neck

• The swinging below is done in an old-fashioned red cotton poplin two-piece dress with a sprig design



ABERCROMBIE AND FITCH • DUNHILL



PECK AND PECK



SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE



SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE • FORTNUM AND MASON



SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE



BEST • PECK AND PECK

• For riding, Miss Blair wears the side-saddle skirt shown next to the lower left (opposite). Made of grey cavalry tweed, it's worn with a russet Shetland tweed coat, a yellow-and-red foulard tie, string gloves, brown calf boots, and a brown felt hat. The natural Salt-Sak coat of her companion is particularly smart with jodhpurs for summer. These fine whipcord jodhpurs are worn with a checked cotton shirt, yellow string gloves, and a dark brown felt hat

• For golf, the natural linen dress at the left is perfection. It buttons up the front and has ample fulness for your swing

• For boating, the Wamsutta percale costume above is wind- and waterproof. It consists of red or blue pants and jacket with an amusing hood and a Talon slide fastening. The other mariner, more optimistic about the weather, has donned dark glasses and a one-piece Bradley maillot suit in maize-and-brown

• The week-end sailor will find the three-quarters length double-breasted coat of navy-blue wool, shown at the right, both warm and practical

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONI FRISSELL

THE TAILORED WOMAN



MAINBOCHER

Sends out day and night flares

Away with shoulder-straps—decrees Mainbocher in the dramatic white slipper satin dress shown farthest left. Whalebone sewed strategically into the bodice removes all cause for alarm. The belted tunic—a masterpiece of fit and flare—is topped by a corsage of azaleas

Again strapless shoulders with a whaleboned bodice—this time (left) on a slinky black panne velvet sheath. To make it even more thrilling, a scarf of yellow chiffon, flung across the throat, falls dramatically to the floor in back, and the corsage is made of yellow chiffon poppies

The back of Mainbocher's street-length cinema dress (opposite page) hangs free in the new manner. The top is of satin, the skirt of wool, and it's all black—but as young as progress. Mainbocher trimmed the black felt hat (from Lilly Daché) with black ostrich curls

Down to the floor goes Mainbocher's new cocktail coat (extreme right)—but for all its length, it has a semiformal air. It's of rough black wool, the back swinging free, the front buttoned in jabot effect. The felt-and-ostrich toque (from Lilly Daché) is Mainbocher's, too


GALA
L'HARA
RBW



THE CENTRE AXIS—CEDARS AND SHADOWS

NYHOLM • PHILLIPS

GREEN REFUGE

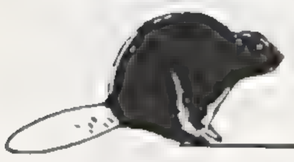
THE garden of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Williams, near Greenwich, has a vista cut through a wall of cedar, revealing the glitter of Long Island Sound. Turning back into the garden, curving paths define a series of gardens, the only straight path being the flagstoned axis. Here, the steps leading to the pool are flanked by eighteenth-century amorini backed dramatically by tall cedars. At the south, sturdy grey-painted wooden gates frame a curved path bordered by peonies, while near-by a small lead figure is reflected in a shallow pool. Thus, by means of subtle curves, the architect, Ellen Shipman, has preserved an intimacy which is very rare in large gardens.



THE SOUTH GATE



THE OBLONG POOL

	HABITAT	BEST REGION	USES	CHARACTERISTICS
 SABLE	Siberia	Barguzin Region and Yakutsky	Coats, capes, scarfs, trimming	The finest skins are bluish-black with no yellow and have long, dense, silky hair, long guard hairs, with high lustre, and a dark centre stripe
 MARTEN	Europe and Asia	Norway, Sweden, and Russia	Scarfs, short capes, trimming	Baum marten (European sable) shades from dark brown to canary-yellow. Usually tipped. Stone marten is grey with brown guard hairs
 AMERICAN MARTEN	North America	Northern Quebec	Scarfs, short capes, trimming	This fur (improperly called Hudson Bay sable) is dark brown with dense fur, silky guard hairs, and good lustre. It is usually tipped
 MINK	North America	Labrador, Northeast Quebec	Coats, capes, trimming	Small, silky, blue-black skins with very dense fur and lustrous guard hairs. Flanks and gills used for inexpensive sports coats
 ERMINE	Europe and Asia	Southwest Siberia (Russian ermine)	Coats, capes, trimming	Puré white, large, densely furred, lustrous skins with long guard hairs. The American ermine (weasel) has shorter, less lustrous fur
 SUMMER ERMINE (Brown Weasel)	North America	Pennsylvania	Coats, capes, trimming	Soft brown, best from regions in which the animal does not turn white in winter, as fur is denser, more lustrous, with longer guard hairs
 BROADTAIL	Afghanistan, Russia	Bokhara	Coats, capes, trimming	Very flat, with a moire pattern and a high lustre. The leather is pliable and gives a slim line to the wearer
 CARACAL (Russian)	Russia	Bokhara	Coats and trimming	Flat with a high lustre and more irregular moire pattern than broadtail. Black and most grey or brown caracal is dyed. White is bleached
 CARACAL (Chinese)	China	Northern China	Coats and trimming	Chinese lambs are usually white with silky hair and moire pattern that takes a high lustre when dyed black. Less durable than Russian caracal
 PERSIAN LAMB	Afghanistan, Russia	Bokhara	Coats and trimming	Well furred with a tight curl and good lustre. Grey or black, dyed to hide white leather. Krimmer is grey with black and white hairs
 KIDSKIN	Europe and Asia	China	Coats and trimming	The best skins are large, with a good lustre and a pattern resembling caracal. Dyed black, brown, and other shades or sold in natural grey
 ALASKA SEALSKIN	Alaska, Uraguay, Russia, Japan, South Africa	Alaska	Coats and trimming	This trade is supervised by the Government. Only young males (bachelor seals) are used. The best have dense fur; guard hairs are plucked
 HUDSON SEAL	North America	Canada	Coats	Hudson seal is muskrat sheared and dyed to resemble Alaska seal. The best skins are large with long, dense, well-distributed fur
 BEAVER	North America	Province of Quebec	Coats and trimming	Long, dense, dark brown, silky fur with the guard hairs all plucked. The leather should be soft, pliable, and not too heavy
 NUTRIA	South America	The Argentine	Coats and trimming	Nutria is a South American beaver, and only the bellies are used, with the guard hairs plucked
 MUSKRAT	North America	Great Lakes (brown); New Jersey (black)	Coats and motor robes	Large skins with long, dense, even fur and lustrous guard hairs. Supple, light leather. Backs, sides, and bellies are used
 LEOPARD	Africa and Asia	Somaliland	Coats and trimming	Small, supple skins with short hair and well-placed markings. All leopard sheds slightly, decreasing after several years
 OCELOT	South America to Texas	The Argentine	Coats and trimming	The ocelot is the American leopard and has elongated rings of black, brown, and white with black centre spots, on short tan hair
 FOXES	North America, Europe, and Asia	Alaska (blue fox); Canada (cross fox)	Scarfs and trimming	Types include silver fox (most valuable); red foxes (including black and cross fox); white fox; blue fox—all with dense fur, lustrous guard hairs
 SILVER FOX	North America Northern Russia	Canada and Northern States	Scarfs, capes, muffs, trimming	Blue-black, densely furred with lustrous black-tipped silver guard hairs. There should be a black centre streak and a cross below the neck

AVOID
Sparsely furred, pale, or yellowish skins and especially red or reddish skins, as these have been kept from other years
Sparsely furred skins of coarse texture and poor lustre
Sparsely furred skins of coarse texture and poor lustre
Coarse, heavy, long-haired skins and especially artificially coloured pelts, which become red as the dye oxidizes
Skins that are flat looking, lustreless, or with a yellowish tinge
Sparsely furred, flat-looking skins with little lustre
Flat skins with little pattern and heavy skins with too much curl
Too flat skins with little marking and skins with too long hair and heavy leather
Very flat skins with little pattern and heavy skins with too long hair
Skins with too loose curls and poor lustre, or heavy, stiff skins
Flat skins with little marking and poor leather
Sparsely furred skins, with heavy leather, and scarred skins
Sparsely furred skins with little lustre and heavy, bristly skins
Singed or yellowish furs and heavy skins with bristly fur
Sparsely furred, singed, yellowish skins
Sparsely furred, singed, yellowish skins
Long-haired skins with heavy leather and large markings
Hair long enough to stand up and hair too dark to show the markings
Skins with short guard hairs sparsely distributed and skins on which the rump is rubbed
Short guard hairs on neck, qills, and sides; sparsely furred skins on which rump is rubbed; brownish cast



BEFORE YOU BUY FURS—



YOU need a new fur coat. Your old one is ratty, or old-fashioned. Or you gave it away. Or you never had one. Or your husband, seized with sudden altruism, wants you to greet the winter in new splendour. Anyway, you need a new fur coat.

Do you know anything, really, about furs? You may think you know a fine fur coat when you see one, but can you explain its superiority? Can you tell what quality the fur is and how well the wrap is pieced together? Do you know what it has gone through—from animal to you?

Unless you're a practiced fur connoisseur—and if you're honest in your ignorance—, you won't take chances. You won't go to some grubby little fur dealer in a back alley and hope to extract from him a superb mink coat for $1000. You'll go to a first-class retailer with a first-class reputation: a place where, if you can't afford the luxurious furs, you can buy the less expensive pelts in the serene knowledge that they're the best of their kind and perfect in workmanship and style.

Say, for argument's sake, that you're out to buy a good mink coat. You see a fine one, in a fine shop, and ask the price. No matter how determined you are to pay for the best, you reel a bit at the "Nine thousand dollars," murmured by the sales woman. "Why, a friend of mine bought a fur coat like that for twelve hundred last year!" you may cry, and walk out with aggrieved dignity.

Your phrase, "A friend of mine bought a coat just like that for one-tenth as much" is familiar—and revealing. The sales woman could not tell you, probably, that the beautiful bluish sheen of that cheaper coat began to fade after six months and turn a yellowish-brown, because the fur had been "tipped." That tipping is a way of dyeing the long hairs by hand with a brush to make inferior pelts look rare and to make badly matched skins look perfectly matched—for the first half-year. She couldn't rip the lining off the nine-thousand-dollar coat and lay it next to the unlined cheaper coat and say, "Look!" You would have marvelled at the intricate piecing of the hundred or more pelts in the expensive coat—each pelt sliced into diagonal strips and "let out" in order to lengthen the skin and make it thinner, more supple; at the joinings of one skin to another; at the hundreds of seams, all taped by hand; at the whiteness and softness of the leather itself. In the cheap coat, laid bare, you might have seen, not a hundred separate minks, perfectly aligned, but a thousand bits and pieces—taken from the sides, the stomachs, the "gills" to fill in ("tipped," of course, on the outside); machine-made seams; and coarser, more brittle, darker leather. But since you can not see all that, you find no difference in the coats except their prices.

Both coats, however, have in common a long dramatic history. And that's what we're out to tell you. Because you can't really tell what you're buying before you know its past. It's sheer folly to buy a Rembrandt without knowing anything at all about painting.

So let's start, logically, at the beginning. See in your mind's eye the tiny weasel-like ermines speeding over the Russian snows, almost invisible; or the bushy silver foxes (most of which are now successfully farmed),



(Continued on page 73)



H. JAECKEL AND SONS • REVILLON

STEICHEN



GUNTHER

THREE TYPES, THREE FURS

for the new coats

Thirty-three inches from neck to hemline is a very smart length for fur coats, this year, if you are of average height. And on the opposite page (left) is a notable example of it from H. Jaeckel and Sons. Made of mink, this extremely wearable coat is cut on simple lines, with only a slight swagger, and with a small collar that ties around the neck with cords. It's worn with a new black wool toque—flat in back and upward-sweeping in front; John-Frederics

Slightly longer and more swagger is the black baby lamb coat (right, on the opposite page). It has a small revers collar that may be buttoned snugly or left open; Revillon. Worn with it is a black wool dress (from Gervais) with a violet and pink taffeta scarf, designed by Dormoy, and one of the new, huge pancake-like berets of black felt, turned up in back and flattened out at the sides and front. The hat is from John-Frederics; the jewels from Mauboussin

Mrs. Julien Chaqueneau (on this page) wears a coat that shows the lasting chic of classic lines. It is made of black Persian lamb, with a wide collar and revers, and straight, simple sleeves. Cut sufficiently long to reach to the hem of the skirt, it's adaptable for wear on practically every occasion. Gunther has this model. Mrs. Chaqueneau's black knitted wool toreador hat is one of the new models with Spanish dash; John-Frederics. Console from Lavezzo



HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ

MISS GRACE MOORE

Miss Moore, who combines, miraculously, an operatic voice with slender beauty, is wearing one of the dresses designed for her new picture, "One Night of Love." The dress is made of thin white ribbed crêpe and has black-and-white striped taffeta revers that go down the back into a bustle and train. Robert Kalloch designed the dress

SHOP-HOUND

Tips on the shop market



• Shop-Hound spends her life nosing around the New York shops. She can not undertake shopping commissions, but will give information. Write to Vogue, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York (enclose a stamped envelope)

THERE'S a lot of mumbling going on in intellectual circles about the impending doom for Individuals. Down with Individualism, they shout. It has no place in the world of the future, where Masses will reign supreme.

Well, that's just too bad for Shop-Hound, because I'm on this earth just to cater to those personal needs. It's what you—you over there with the snub nose, or you with the long legs—want that I'm interested in, not the Masses. It's your particular little funny quirks and foibles that I run all over town to satisfy.

So here goes. Have you nice, skinny legs that the average full-fashioned stocking hangs on in unbecoming folds? Are your legs so short that the top of the stocking comes up to your hip? Well, the Gotham Hosiery Company is ready for you. It has just made some stockings called "Smarties," timed to the woman or girl who stands five feet or less. Shorter legs, shorter feet, and in all the pleasantest colours. So, stop grieving, and get a few pairs either at the Gotham shops or at Wanamaker's. The price is under $1 a pair.

• Perhaps you have some Figure Problem, beautiful as you are. A bump here, a sag there—who knows? The Bien Jolie Corset people have doped it all out. Their particular summer ideas take form in Lastexed batiste, net, and sheer crêpe de Chine. At Best's, you will find their two-way stretch girdle for about $5; or, if you need a serviceable boned foundation, their grandest will cost about $25.

• The next question is purely rhetorical. Has summer wilted your wardrobe? Does everything that you own look tired unto death? Stale? Forlorn? Do you find that your Popularity is Waning? Hurry up, then, and head towards Woodworth, Inc. (17 East Fifty-Seventh Street), where practical angels carry right on through the summer with new, fresh clothes every day. How about any one of those thin black evening dresses that slope dangerously off your shoulders, show dangerously what you have, and melt (dangerously) in swirls of chiffon at your slipper heels? All right? Suppose—for argument again—that you wear this with Maggy Rouff's scarlet wisp of a cape (for about $65). Or take a dress of white chiffon with asymmetrical shoulder-straps in beet-red that trails behind you in a sinuous train. (It is priced at about $135.)

• Go ahead—wear your dress that's cut so low in the back that the straps of your slip pop out at your slightest motion. Too annoying, say we all. But I have found a real solution to the strap problem. A slip has been devised that leaves your back without a shred of covering and, strange as it sounds, a securely covered front. It's Lastex magic again. A Lastex insert moulds itself to your waist and carries all the weight from there. You snap the mere threads of crochet that suspend the front to your dress, and the impossible is achieved. I call it by far the neatest trick of the fortnight. At Lord and Taylor's, for less than $8.

• Madame Anny Blatt, Super-Knitter, came over this spring to assist in the opening of the Dunhill shop. New York liked her so well and she liked it so much that she has decided to commute between Paris and New York, and has installed herself at La Maison Française, in Rockefeller Center. In her Paris workrooms, Madame Blatt does astounding things on and with knitting-needles. She loathes raspy yarns, big seams, bulgy skirts, and personality-dimming sweaters. She says that she is French, but I think she is Scotch—so canny is she. She will distribute her superlative products through the finest shops in America—so look out for her originations. They will make a knitted convert of you, sleek-satin-complex or no. While she was unpacking her boxes, this is what I admired: a hand-knitted suit with a soft, nubby surface in a shade that Madame Blatt called wholewheat colour, an American expression that she loves. Red leather buttons make secure the jacket, and the skirt has the hang of an English tweed. Dunhill has this suit for about $95. A pair of knitted wholewheat gloves, vented on the palms with a lighter knit, has raised spirals curling up the backs of the gauntlets (about $16.50). She has made the most delightfully silly hat in lipstick-red with two Pierrette pompons perched high and a brim that swoops alarmingly. To go with this is an even sillier bib-like scarf that will do tremendous things to your personal *décor* (about $39.50). These are all from Anny Blatt's atelier in La Maison Française.

• The money won at the races goes the way of all my winnings and earnings and allowances and chisellings—right on my back. Abercrombie and Fitch have such a painless way of taking it away from me. Try to resist their linen suits, with London tagged all over them, which steamed into this port recently. Designed and tailored by Dorville House, they have incredible swank. And they're in such colours as burgundy-red and dusty-pink. The price is under $50.

• Remember winter 1934? Well, the weather prophets are muttering prophecies about another old-fashioned New England winter being just around the corner of the calendar. So, if I do a screed on furs right in the midst of these hot dog-days, bless me instead of cursing me. August is the time to get busy about furs, if you are a wise woman. August abounds in fur sales, and an August fur sale is fashionably and economically sound. The fur fashions are (Continued on page 72)



SHAKING THEM UP



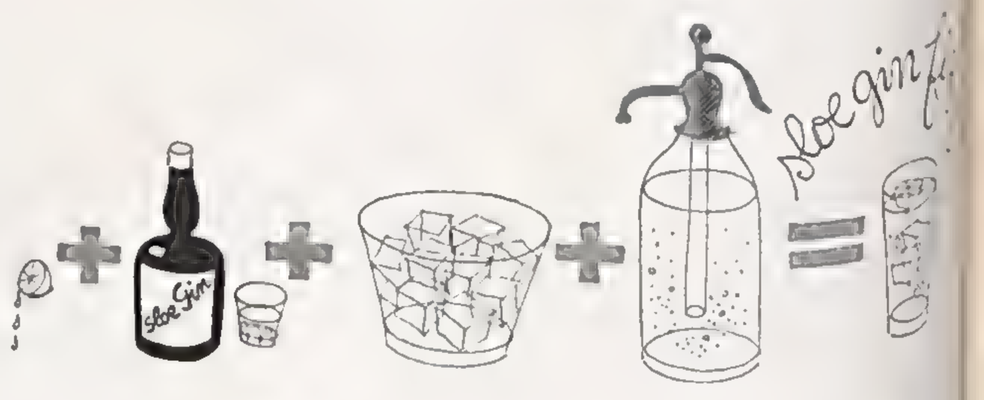
DRINKING is always fun. Drinks in the summertime are especially important. And, in this summer of 1934, drinking is a very special matter indeed! For, this is the first time we can lovingly and legally draw upon our stock of authentic liquors and wines to concoct masterpieces of long cold drinks and sparkling cups, creations with which to dazzle and mellow our guests.

Of course, nobody knows better than we do that such drinks as Scotch and soda are things that go on forever. That is a classic, summer or winter, and we should like one right now, in passing, please. But, it is fun to try things again, to mingle and to blend. And it's amazing—even a little sad, in retrospect—to realize how we lost the knack of blending anything other than cocktails, during the arid days, or never even had it, perhaps, if we grew up during the drought. That's why we've supplied in these pages not only recipes for some of the more intricate punches and cups, but also for some of the drinks the names of which are bywords, but the correct making of which is a little nebulous.

To begin with, there are twenty absolutely infallible ways of concocting a mint julep, and each one is the only possible way of making it correctly. In Kentucky, according to one school, if you crush the mint up in the drink, you commit a felony—the idea being that you drink the Bourbon and only smell the mint, thereby exciting two senses and not confusing the issue. In Maryland, if you don't crush up the mint you might be forced to leave the state. In some places (which shall remain nameless), sliced fruit on top of the ice is a sign of perfection.

Our preference, which ought to be as good as any, since we have spent the last month sipping different varieties, is for the method illustrated at the far right. You use only the tender leaves at the tip of the mint, and put them in the bottom of the glass with a teaspoonful of rock-candy syrup (a liquid which Raffetto now puts up in bottles) or gum syrup or sugar syrup. (These seem better than powdered sugar only because they blend so perfectly. If you use powdered sugar, (Continued on page 76)

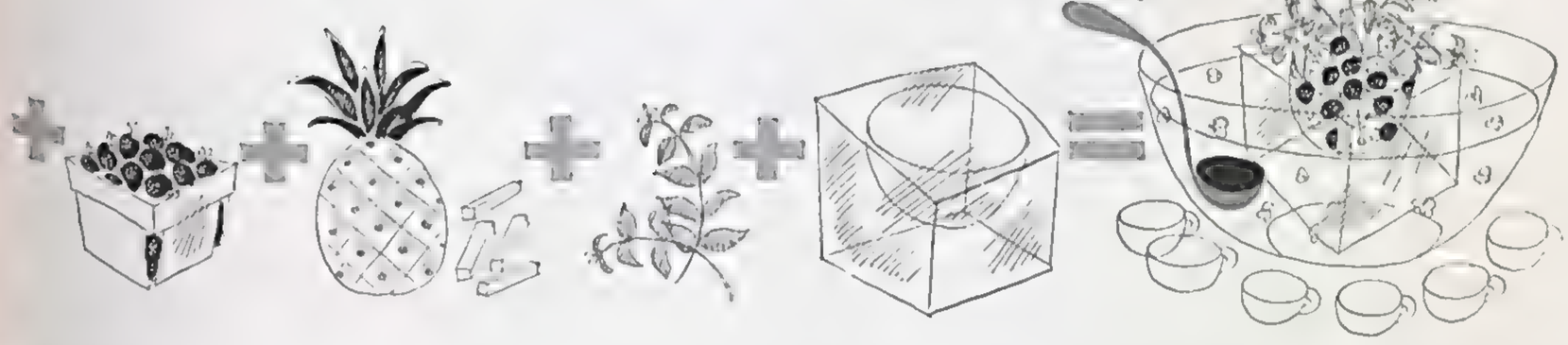
For the very grand Rhine wine punch at the right, you need half a bottle of claret, a pint of champagne, and two bottles of mineral water to the five bottles of Rhine wine. We are told that this recipe makes enough to serve six people—which, we think, must mean six with an enviable capacity





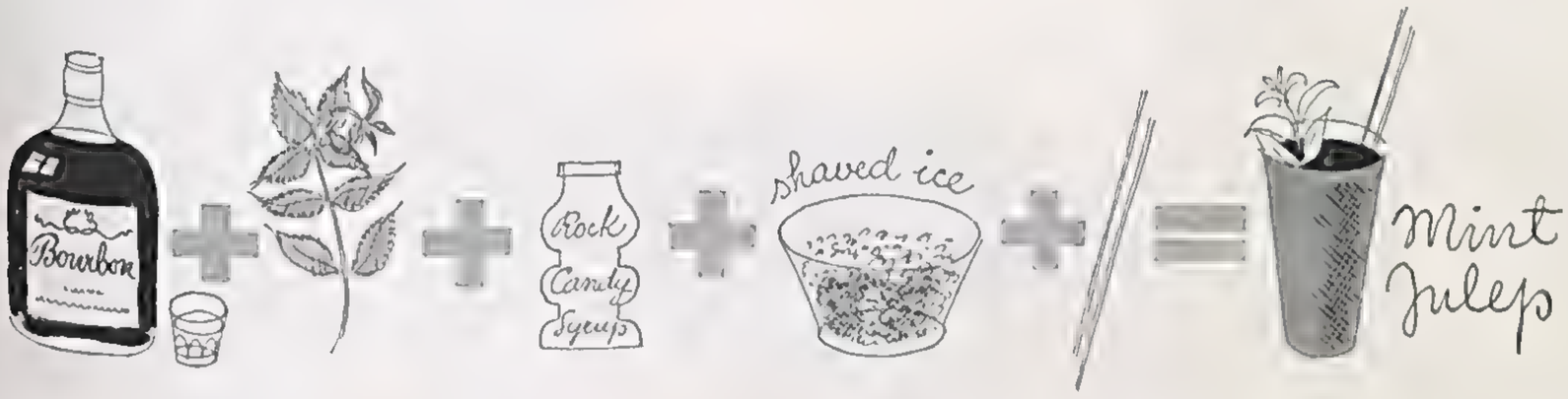


• For the Claret Cup Waldorf (far left) use one and one-half jiggers of brandy, one pony of Benedictine, one pony of maraschino, sugar, enough Seltzer to fill a bar-glass, and one bottle of claret
• The Sazerac cocktail includes sugar, bitters, whiskey, absinthe, ice



• To make the beautiful white wine punch (left), use two bottles of Sauterne, one lemon, two oranges, strawberries, pineapple, and mint. The block of ice that cools the punch is hollowed out to hold a bouquet of fruit and sprigs of mint, all frosted with powdered sugar





• The beginning of that sloe gin fizz (extreme left) is the juice of half a lime, and the squeezed lime goes into the glass, with a jigger of sloe gin, ice, and Seltzer
• The mint julep begins with a jigger of Bourbon or rye. The recipe is found in the text at the left



• For Planter's Punch, mix the juice of half a lemon with a teaspoonful of sugar and add a jigger of rum, pineapple, mint, cherries, and shaved ice to fill the glass
• The Summer Cooler starts with the juice of half a lime. Then add sugar, applejack, Seltzer, and ice



A new Panama fabric, small-patterned or plaid, for walls, cushions, or garden umbrellas; The Colwell Company

Old-fashioned or modern hand-blocked squares to paste on your walls, checker-board-wise; Margaret Owen

Chromium for coolers and coasters - modern and sturdy, with moulded edges, and panels by Rockwell Kent; Altman

Pure white



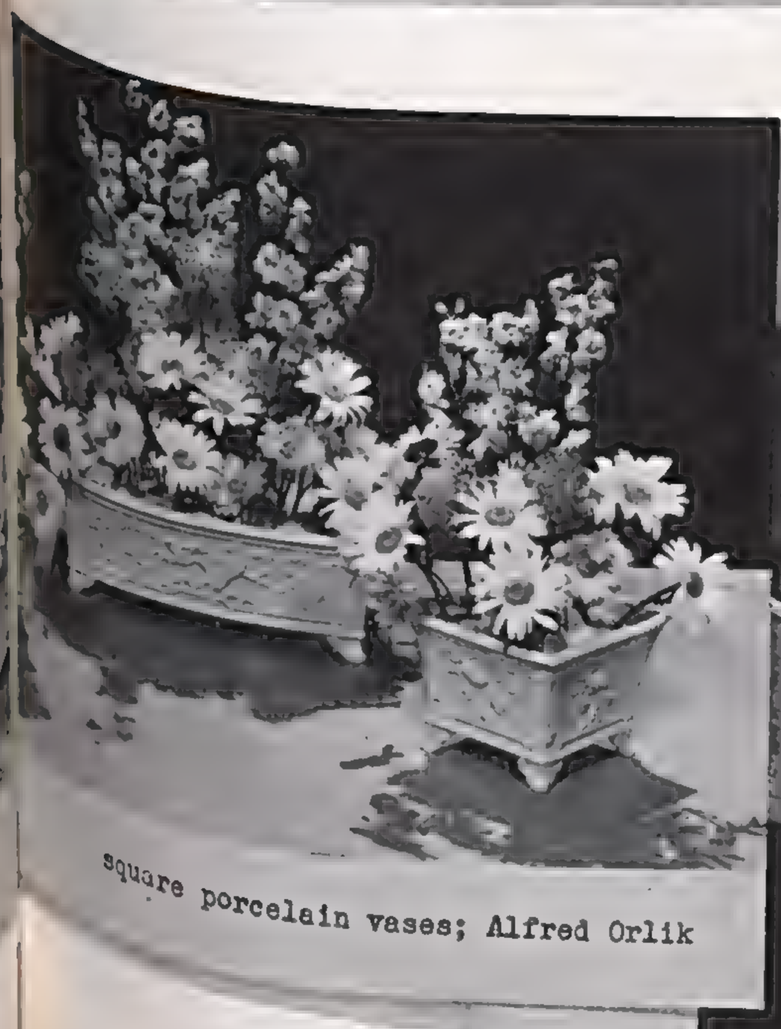
These folding chairs and table are from Elsie de Wolfe



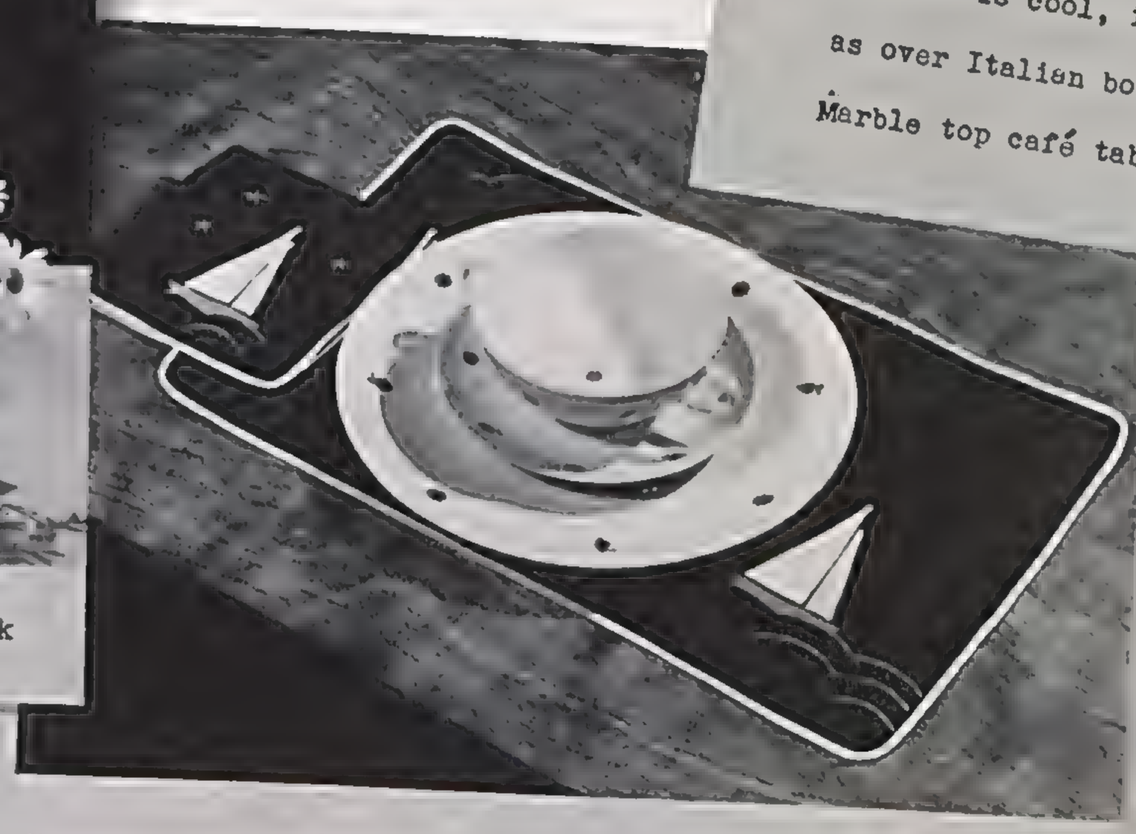
A huge crystal bubble and a mammoth tumbler for prize lilies with stems you hate to cut. From Rena Rosenthal



Lattice is cool, in chairs as well as over Italian bottles; McCutcheon. Marble top café table; Blanche Storrs



square porcelain vases; Alfred Orlik



Nautical appliqué linens; blue-and-white china; Rena Rosenthal

FULL DESCRIPTIONS ON PAGE 72

Mention



• The smallest possible amount of pink ninon and a generous yoke and border of Alençon lace are the recipe for the panties into which the cool lady at the upper left is stepping; from Jay-Thorpe

• The bed-jacket above, of pink satin, has full starched and pleated Alençon sleeves that lend a flare to breakfast in bed; Bonwit Teller

• The clothes-line above shows a lavish display of combination, step-ins, and nightgown—of pink ninon with Valenciennes lace deep and important at the borders; Bendel

• Gaily printed organdie (lower left) makes a fresh summer variation of the tea-gown story. The border is plain, and there are two large organdie roses; from Emma Maloof

• The stately Japanese gown at the left is actually a nightgown of Mallinson printed chiffon with bright red poppies on a white ground. Golden-yellow chiffon lines the sleeves and forms the obi-like sash. This is one of the new nightgowns that the sophisticated lady will wear as an evening dress; Saks-Fifth Avenue







• The luxurious pink crêpe slip above is edged top and bottom with Alençon lace; from Milgrim

• The tailored slip and step-ins of white crêpe that swing beside it are trimmed with bright coloured faggoting; Bonwit Teller

• Long sleeves and a demure laced yoke on the nightgown at the upper right are quaintly old-fashioned, but the pink crêpe that makes it is modern and sheer. This is perfect for the inveterate reader-in-bed; from Bonwit Teller

• The pink ninon combination at the upper right, cut to banish wrinkles, is trimmed with Alençon lace—to match the lace-trimmed nightgown below and the panties farthest left on the opposite page; Jay-Thorpe

• The first nightgown at the right (part of the set just described) is of pink ninon, lace trimmed and ruffled and formal enough to satisfy the most critical maid unpacking your week-end bag; Jay-Thorpe

• Grecian in line and beautifully cut is the pink crêpe-and-satin nightgown farthest right; Bonwit Teller

VOGUE'S *finds of the fortnight*



HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ



• SELECTED BECAUSE—a dark dress of satin crêpe is the peak of sophisticated smartness for both now and later in the season. Especially when accented—as is the one on the opposite page—with a gilet and bow of white ribbon-stripe satin. This is made of soft and drapable satin crêpe, in a youthful two-piece style. You can find it at Lord and Taylor; $30

• SELECTED BECAUSE—this dress (left, above) is the perfect pick-me-up for a woman's late summer wardrobe. It combines the chic of dark heavy sheer crêpe and satin with the freshness of white. The flattering cape is detachable. The vestee is of sheer matelassé. At Franklin Simon; $30

• SELECTED BECAUSE—a woman needs a gracious dress for luncheons, bridge, and daylight dining. This (right, above) is of heavy sheer Canton crêpe—a fabric you'll see in some of the smartest autumn dresses. The sleeve tops and the deep yoke of this model are of diamond drawn-work. From Altman; $30

YOU MAY BUY THEM IN NEW YORK AND OUT

Turn to page 75, and you will find a list of the shops that have Vogue's Finds of the Fortnight. If none in your town appears on the list, write to Vogue, at 420 Lexington Avenue (please enclose a stamped envelope), and we'll send you the name of a shop near you

Designs for practical





FROCK No. S-3728—This is super-chic for first autumn days, if it's made of a crêpe wool like Marshall Field's new "Chatter Twist." A panel goes up the front and ends in two loops, and turned-back cuffs finish the wide, pointed-top sleeves. This is designed for sizes 14 to 42

FROCK No. 6720—This is "Easy-to-Make" and easy to wear, and it has the trim look that is smart for autumn, with or without a coat. Make it of heavy Canton crêpe and face the circular cuffs and the loops at the neck-line in a contrasting colour. Designed for sizes 32 to 40

ENSEMBLE No. 310—You'll need a jacket ensemble like this for cocktails and informal dinners, this season. Striped soft taffeta is a good choice of fabric with a plain silk to face the band that forms a jabot and continues in a sash in back. Designed for sizes 14 to 40

FROCK No. 6722—Contrast again—this time in the draped collar and the facing of the large revers on this frock of Cheney's Georgine crêpe. The three-quarters length sleeves are kimono cut in front, raglan in back, and trimmed with cuffs. Designed for sizes 32 to 42

ENSEMBLE No. 311—Here is a suit in four parts—a tuck-in blouse, a gilet, a collarless jacket, and a skirt. The blouse collar comes over the jacket, and the gilet ends in a slit peplum. It's chic made of Forstmann mohair suiting. Designed for sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38

EVENING ENSEMBLE No. S-3727—A fillip for your summer wardrobe and a good start for your winter wardrobe is this princesse frock and jacket (not illustrated) of Skinner's bubbly satin. The jacket has kimono sleeves and a gathered collar. Designed for sizes 14 to 42

dressmaking





EVENING ENSEMBLE No. 6717—There's a becoming shaped collar with cluster pleats (hidden by the coat) on this printed taffeta frock. The flared swagger coat of poult de soie taffeta is smart with other dresses, too. Note scarf collar and sleeves. Designed for sizes 14 to 40

FROCK No. 6718—Deep lapped seams at the joinings of this dress make it hang smartly. The design gives a choice of the short, pleated sleeves illustrated or long straight ones, for colder days. Make it of Dupont rayon canvas-weave crêpe. It's designed for sizes 12 to 42

FROCK No. 6719—Here is a new version of the popular shirt-waist frock—a two-piece model of washable silk. Designed for sizes 12 to 42

JACKET No. 6725—Made of heavy Viyella flannel, this short fitted jacket will complete many sports costumes. Designed for sizes 12 to 42

PATTERNS MAY BE PURCHASED FROM ANY SHOP SELLING VOGUE PATTERNS, OR BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID, FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; 1196 THE MERCHANDISE MART, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS; OR 523 MISSION STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA; IN CANADA, 360 ADELAIDE STREET, WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO. PRICES GIVEN ON NEXT TO LAST PAGE



NURSERY YARNS

Brother and sister outfits have an inimitable chic, and the pair illustrated on this page are not only extremely smart and practical, but they can be knitted by your own hands. At the left is an ensemble for town wear—a sleeveless, tailored sweater for a young boy, and a sleeveless dress, identical in colour and yarn, for his sister. Below the square yoke of the dress, the skirt is knitted in vertical ribs to give the effect of box pleats (the swatch shows this in detail). Bernat's Linen Floss is the yarn suggested for both garments

The brother and sister on the sand in the photograph below are dressed in gay red-and-white woollen beach suits. The little girl's outfit has a white strap-backed top and a bright red divided skirt. Her brother's suit is a red woollen maillot with a suspender top and a pair of applied pockets for snails and shells. Bernat's Riviera Wool is suggested for both of these smart beach suits

Directions for these garments are obtainable from Vogue (enclose a stamped, addressed envelope) or from Alice Maynard in New York; Marshall Field in Chicago; or J. W. Robinson in Los Angeles



HORST, PARIS



The last word in delicious

NOODLE SOUP

..choicest egg noodles
..chicken broth of extra richness
..tempting garnish of selected chicken meat

Supremely satisfying to taste and hunger

Haven't you sometimes wondered what a truly skilled soup-chef would produce if he turned his hand to Noodle Soup? It is a soup steeped in all the traditions of hearty good eating—a soup that the appetite instinctively seeks when a real hunger is making itself felt and calling for deep-down satisfaction.

Well, your grocer has the answer! Campbell's Noodle Soup—a new creation—will be a revelation of goodness to your appetite. Here is an old favorite—glorified—improved beyond measure—better than you have ever tasted it before.

In seeking to give Noodle Soup the final touch of goodness, Campbell's have naturally placed chief emphasis on the chicken richness. For it is the chicken which distinguishes the best Noodle Soup.

Only egg noodles are used. These are just right in size and liberal in quantity. And then the chicken broth! Here it is in all its flavory richness and in that extra strength which lifts this Noodle Soup to a new high deliciousness. In addition, there is the garnish of tender chicken meat, white and dark, selected from the very choicest parts.

The price—just the same as other Campbell's Soups!

CAMPBELL'S *Noodle* WITH CHICKEN *Soup*



Double rich! Double strength!

Campbell's Soups bring you condensed, concentrated goodness. You are buying double richness—double strength. So when you add an equal quantity of water in your kitchen, you obtain twice the quantity of soup at no extra cost.

Campbell's Soups are the finest soups you can buy.

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Consommé	Ox Tail
Bean	Julienne	Pea
Beef	Mock Turtle	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Printanier
Celery	Mushroom (Cream of)	Tomato
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo	Noodle with chicken	Vegetable-Beef
Clam Chowder		

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

NRA



A graceful cheek line

. . . . DEPENDS VERY MUCH UPON CHEWING

THE new, taller hairdress accentuates the infatuating contour of a woman's face. No matter which way she turns her head, the rounding and lovely curve of her cheek line dominates the picture. Keep this line from looking old and saggy; chew **DOUBLE MINT** gum. This gentle exercise 5 to 10 minutes daily aids in toning up unused and lazy facial muscles. Try this new Beauty Treatment.



O-112



MARTINUS ANDERSEN

This is Houbigant's new triple vanity-case known as the Country Club, complete with "dull-finish" powder, rouge, and lipstick

ON HER DRESSING-TABLE

THERE'S a brand-new paint around town, and it has nothing to do with what you put on your face or on the side of a house. It is known as Scented Lacquer, and it is the inspiration of Mary Chess, who has what is known as *a way* with perfumes and such. You paint your lingerie drawers with it, or the shelves of your linen or dress closet —any places you'd like to have redolent of a lovely scent. If you use lavender for linens, for example, each time you open the door or drawer, a wave of cool fresh fragrance reaches you. There are gardenia and lilac scents, and a lovely perfume called "Woods of Night," and others, too. The actual painting is the simplest thing in the world. You just dash it on with the brush that comes with it—no complications, and the fragrance lasts for a year! You can get Scented Lacquer from Mary Chess' own charming little shop or from the cosmetic counter at Saks-Fifth Avenue.

• Another perfume innovation at Saks-Fifth Avenue is a complete little shop where Katharine Athey will blend perfumes to your individual order. Whatever expresses your personality, Miss Athey manages to imprison in a scent, and once on, it lasts and lasts, till it becomes practically a part of you. She has ready-to-wear perfumes, so to speak, as well—unusual types—one that smells like tweed and heather; another like a lovely, poignant white stock. The shop itself is a pleasant place, lined with shelves of beautiful sachets of every sort. One amusing occurrence in its history was when a man demanded a perfume blended for his dog—he didn't like the way it smelled after a wash with antiseptic soap. Miss Athey obliged. Usually, however, her orders are of the most elegant variety, and the list of clients sounds like that proverbial list from the Social Register.

• If we were casting about for a new cream, the name "Living Loveliness" would have great lure for us. It is one of those rich, luscious creams that go so smoothly on your face, and it is made by Bertha Scher, a Viennese scientist, with her own fair hands, in her New York laboratories. "Living Loveliness" is recommended as a cream for all uses, but we found it most satisfactory as a massage cream, and as a smooth emollient, rich in softening oils. If you put it on underneath the eyes, it will work effectively against oncoming wrinkles, and it is the kind of preparation that dry skins, starved of their natural oils, welcome with joy. This cream is one in a series, which Miss Scher has created for the care of your face, neck, and hands and which can be obtained direct from the maker from her Fifth Avenue salon in New York.

• Rose Laird has produced a Cabaña Kit that is one of those jewels with which this specialist's crown is set, for it is a marvel of thoroughness and thoughtfulness. There is, of course, a sunburn oil, to permit you to tan without burning. But, in addition, there are a Sunburn Cream which will prevent you from tanning at all, if you use it in the proper way, and a Sunsoothe Cream that takes the red curse out of a burn that you might have been unlucky enough to acquire. Then, to complete the whole, a bottle of Crème Violay is added, that gentle liquid cleanser that is perfect to use after a day out in the open. Each or all of these are good for you, yourself, of course, but also consider what blessings would be heaped upon you if you had this kit on hand in your cabaña, to meet the needs of every burning or non-burning guest.

• Bourjois's refreshing eau de toilette, in the famous "Evening in Paris" fragrance, is now in a new version of the sapphire-blue bottle with a convenient sprinkler top for sprinkling it over yourself after a tub. The perfume itself has appeared in a new guise, too, a slim flask for your purse, scarcely any larger than a lipstick. You can buy all the "Evening in Paris" things at cosmetic counters throughout the country.

Two Creams needed for your *Two Skins*

a greaseless cream to prevent *Dryness* in your Outer Skin



. . . an oil cream to fight *Wrinkles* in your Under Skin



Mrs. Henry Field OF CHICAGO

(Left) Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, of New York. Thrilling brunette and exquisite blonde. Each keeps her beauty by using Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

YOU HAVE TWO SKINS! Each entirely different.

Your wafer-thin Outer Skin is *dried* out by sun and wind . . . by heat and cold. It needs a cream that restores moisture.

Your Under Skin—many times thicker, and full of nerves, blood vessels, and tiny oil glands, is kept firm and full . . . unwrinkled . . . *by oils.* It needs an oil cream.

That's why it is impossible to treat both skins satisfactorily with any one single cream.

How Wrinkles begin . . .

Wrinkles mean one thing . . . that your *under skin* lacks lubrication. Its tiny oil glands are failing to pour out sufficient natural oils . . . the under skin shrinks . . . lines form!

This starved under skin needs a deep, penetrating, oil-rich cream . . . Pond's Cold Cream. This famous cream goes deep—encourages the under skin to remain firm, young, wrinkle-free! And, because it is so deep penetrating, Pond's Cold Cream is a superb skin cleanser. Its precious oils loosen pore-deep dust, rouge, powder . . . float every last particle to surface.

To soften your outer skin and keep the natural moisture from evaporating so fast, cover your face lightly with Pond's filmy Vanishing Cream. This cream contains a remarkable moisture-restoring and softening substance. See how it dispatches dryness . . . how it rids you of vexing skin roughnesses.



For your UNDER SKIN—Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream or Pond's new Liquefying Cream that melts instantly.

For your OUTER SKIN—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Corrects dryness. Holds powder.

See how your skin holds powder and rouge smoothly.

Try this remarkable Two-Skin Care that so many beautiful women follow! Begin now to have the smooth skin you always hoped to have. Here's the way Mrs. Henry Field uses Pond's Two Creams:

1. ***"At night,*** I smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over my face and neck, wiping it off with Pond's Tissues. Then more Cold Cream . . . patting several minutes. It cleanses perfectly . . . makes my skin feel firm, refreshed. Again, Pond's Tissues." (If you like a quicker melting cream, use Pond's new Liquefying Cream which is equally rich in oils, and a marvelous cleanser.)

2. ***"Then*** I pat on Pond's Vanishing Cream, leave it on all night.

3. ***"In the morning***—and during the day—a Pond's Cold Cream cleansing. I finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep my skin soft . . . hold my make-up."

Mail Coupon for Samples . . .

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. G, 56 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and three different shades of Pond's New Face Powder as checked.

I prefer Light Shades ☐ I prefer Dark Shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company



At close range—your skin, even if it's a *very dry* skin, can soon have the *exquisite, dewy, supple* texture of a young girl's! For *Nurimor*—Marie Earle's newest gift to dry, drawn, "crepey" faces—possesses precious elements that replenish natural beauty oils. More remarkable still, *Nurimor* boasts a completeness of absorption hitherto unknown, so that the skin quickly benefits by its extremely penetrative, choice ingredients. Only two weeks' use of *Nurimor* will prove this. $5 and $8.50—at the better shops.



Marie Earle

Salon for superior "facials"—714 Fifth Avenue, New York

HUNGARIAN PLAIN-CHANT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

A moment later, a message was delivered to them, "There is no reason why you should not look at me. I shall never be your aunt." Whereupon, breathing a sigh of relief, the young ladies stared to their hearts' content.

It was while staying on Lake Balaton that I decided I could not return to "the West" (for in Hungary that is what one learns to call France, Germany, and England) before visiting the great plain of Hungary—the Hortobágy Plain. That vast stretch of flat country is silent, mysterious, utterly withdrawn from ordinary life. There the wandering tribes of gipsies and Csikós herdsmen dress as they dressed and live as they lived in the old days, when the Turkish armies swept with yells and music, jewelled saddles and drawn swords, across the country. A friend, Paul Pronoy, offered to accompany me. He had been going to the plains all his life, sometimes to shoot wild duck and hare, sometimes to camp with the Csikós and enjoy the silence of the night.

We started out one lovely day in June. It was the first time I had motored in Hungary, and, as the villages are far apart and there are few cars, I had imagined the roads would be empty. Not at all. Sheep, horses, cows, bulls, geese, children, peasants, and carts formed a perpetual and Biblical-looking procession everywhere. In Eger, we stopped to admire the Ecclesiastical Palace built by Cardinal Eszterházy.

HUNGARIAN HOSPITALITY

It was almost dark when our car turned into a wide gate and up a winding drive bordered by flowerbeds and tall trees. The house was enormous, long and low, built on one floor, as are most of the Hungarian country houses. A crowd of people were waiting to receive us. Were we tired? We must be hungry. Did I like to ride? To shoot stag? To fish? There were trout in the lake and sturgeon in the River Tisza. We entered a stone hall hung with portraits, then went through several reception-rooms with painted ceilings and parquet floors made of different coloured woods, and at last came to a small room where we had tea and some most delicious cakes that looked like tiny straws. Candles were lighted, servants moved to and fro—dozens of servants. My friends spoke English, French, Italian, Roumanian, German, and Magyar. They seemed to speak the languages all at once and with equal fluency. An old lady, the grandmother of my host, sat next me and murmured in my ear, "*Mangez donc, monsieur, vous ne mangez rien du tout.*" This statement was not quite accurate.

Later, a fierce-eyed man servant showed me to my rooms. I was given a little suite. The bathroom was vast, with three long windows to the ground. Half of it was carpeted with a thick green carpet and furnished with a chaise longue, comfortable chairs, and a dressing-table. The other half was of glistening white tiles, floor, walls, and ceiling. In a corner, there was a boiler with a little furnace beneath it, for heating the water for the bath. The servant tiptoed about the room, laid out my clothes, and put fresh wood on the fire. I lay in the warm water and closed my eyes. I could hear dogs barking in the park, the wheels of a carriage coming up the drive. Many more people were expected that evening. They were going to show me how to dance the czardas. Every window blazed with light. The whole house hummed with preparations. In twenty-four hours, I would be sleeping on the plains, far from all civilization and comfort. What would it be like? I hoped it would not rain.

LET US BE GAY

The servant touched me on the shoulder. It was getting late. I got out of the bath and dressed. It was going to be a very grand party with many of the great names of Hungary, such as Karolyi, Andrássy, Almássy, Teleki, Bornemissa, and Keglovitch. It was also going to be very gay, because the greatest Hungarians are never stilted nor self-conscious. They love dancing, shooting, hunting, fishing, and riding. Even loss of fortune can not deprive them of these things that constitute their joy of life. Violins were tuning up in the hall. I hurried towards them.

I felt I had hardly got into bed that night when I heard a sort of scratching at my door. It was a servant come to wake me. We had to start early, because we planned to make a detour in order to lunch at Schloss Windisch-Graetz, near Sárospatak. I don't know what the drive was like, as I slept all the way, only opening one eye when we passed Mount Tokay, the only spot in all the world where real Tokay wine can be made. I saw terraced vineyards and a pretty village.

Schloss Windisch-Graetz is a very interesting castle, half-mediaeval and half-Victorian. The Windisch-Graetz have lived in it for over six hundred years. Lunch was served on a veranda overlooking a large lake surrounded by wooded hills filled with all sorts of game—partridges, pheasants, deer, wild boar, and even a few wolves. Prince Lajos Windisch-Graetz is a great sportsman, and his game-preserves are famous. After lunch, he showed us his wine-cellars and told us that he and his daughter, Princess Josephine, had decided to open their castle as a hotel. They no longer have the money to keep it up, and it is too big to sell. Neither of them appeared at all distressed by hard times; they said that all their rich friends would come and stay with them, and it would be very gay indeed. The cellars were enormous and built like tubes. On each side of us there were casks, many of them with elaborately carved tops bearing religious scenes and pictures of the vineyards. There were also long poems, religious and amorous, carved on some of the casks, and one very amusing one about Noah requiring wine for the Ark, with a small carving of him rolling a barrel in with the help of the elephants. Glasses of wine were given to us during all this excursion; so that we were all rather wobbly when we emerged. I looked up at a huge golden eagle sailing overhead and wondered if it were really there or not. (Continued on page 68)

Beverage advertisement eliminated from this page.

PARAMOUNT SHOES

SO SUAVELY SMART . . FASHIONED OF EVANS KID LEATHERS.

The Tynet, a favorite child of The Paramount family, achieves irresistable appeal with its blend of classic lines and clever laced-effect on toe cap and counter.



Light, trim, and the last word in style, Paramount shoes consistently utilize the lovely "natural beauty" of Evans Leathers . . . the kidskin with the soft, rich finish . . . and the enduring value which is only found in leathers of the highest quality.

John R. Evans & Co., Camden, New Jersey.

Evans kid Leathers

in black and standard colors

HUNGARIAN PLAIN-CHANT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66)

The last lap of our road, from Sárospatak to Debreczin, lay past Marienbad, where there is the miraculous weeping Virgin. This is a picture that looks rather like Lady Diana Duff-Cooper. Three times in its history, it has wept. The last time was in August, 1914. Then it wept for six weeks. Scientists were invited to analyse the drops of water pouring down the canvas. They pronounced them real tears. So the priests caught them in a glass, sealed them up, and now they are on view, surrounded by wreaths of flowers. Besides this glass, I saw a box filled with masses of faded hair. I asked why it was there and was told that a young girl, very vain of her beautiful hair, had knelt before the picture to pray, and, as she prayed, all her hair fell out on to the floor around her. This was in an Orthodox Greek Church. In a Roman Catholic Church, not far off, there was a carved representation of Christ before Pontius Pilate. Christ was shown standing on a Turkish balcony with a very Turkish railing around it. He was dressed in the usual draperies, but Pontius Pilate and the guards were all dressed in Turkish costume, complete with turbans and aigrettes.

Debreczin is about a hundred and forty miles from Budapest. It was formerly a walled town in which the people of the Hortobágy took refuge from the Turks. Now it is a prosperous modern city with a big university and a famous theological seminary. It is also a great marketing centre. Four fairs are held there every year. In the centre of the town, there is an excellent hotel where we dined off chicken paprika, drank old Tokay, and listened to a gipsy band.

STRANGE MUSIC

And the best gipsy bands in the world are in Debreczin. They play and play and play, nearly all night long. That night, as I lay in bed listening to the one beneath my window, I was suddenly conscious of an extraordinary accompaniment, a sort of chorus of distant, unearthly cries. It was some time before I realized its source. Circling round the inner town is a broad band of tiny white cottages where peasants live, and Hungarian peasants believe in dogs rather than policemen for protection. Now, as each person returned home, the dogs along the streets through which he passed barked. I went to sleep wondering whether they looked as ferocious as they sounded. They did. I found that out the next morning.

Paul had eaten his breakfast when I came down-stairs. He had told me that I need not bring anything with me except a rain-coat and a blanket, so my luggage was not heavy. We drove out past the Cathedral, past the great open-air swimming pools, through a wood of pine-trees, and then into the country.

At first, there were farms with fields of ripe wheat and corn. Cherry-trees and mulberry-trees grew beside the road. Whole families were perched in their branches, like huge birds, gathering the fruit. They laughed and shouted to us as we passed. Then, little by little, the country grew barer, the trees fewer, and the farms more scattered. A stillness seemed to settle over everything. We were entering the Hortobágy.

"Look, there's one of them!" I looked. At first, I saw nothing. Then a furtive, greyish bundle detached itself from the landscape. It was a huge dog. Around its neck was a leather collar set with spikes; from the collar, there was a chain about eighteen inches long to which was attached a log of wood. The dogs wear this log and chain only by day. It keeps them from wandering too far, and it protects travellers. These dogs police the herds and are trained to knock down all strangers and stand guard over them until their master comes. An unknown man with his coat collar turned up and his hands in his pockets means a thief to them. They have even been known to bring down the horses of a carriage driving across the Hortobágy after dark. I looked at this one with respect. I had heard its brothers barking the night before. It had all the dignity of a wild animal and did not even glance in our direction.

HERDSMEN OF THE PLAINS

A moment later, we saw its master, a Csikós. He was mounted on a horse. The sun was already hot, but he was wrapped from head to foot in a sheepskin cloak with the wool left on. In winter, the Csikós wear the wool on the inside; in summer, on the outside. They say it protects them from the sun. On his head was a wide-brimmed black felt hat with a capercaillie's feather stuck beside the crown. He bowed to us. Somehow, he reminded me of his dog. They both made me feel that I had no business to be on the plains at all.

I watched them through the back window of the car. They grew smaller and smaller. By now, there were no trees at all and the sky came down around us like an azure bowl. Storks picked at the grass in the marshlands and flew up with dangling legs at the sound of our motor.

At last, a speck appeared against the blue. It was the inn, a long, low, white building with an arched arcade running across its front. The landlady, dressed in a tight red satin dress, waited beneath one of the white arches to receive us. At her side stood another of the big sheep dogs, but this one was cleaned and combed and had enormous round blue eyes like the blue glass eyes of an old-fashioned china doll. They told me not to pat it, because these dogs are "one-man" dogs and do not like any one to touch them. I looked into the cold blue eyes and was glad to keep my distance. After a great deal of laughter and talk and hand-shaking, we were conducted inside to eat a second breakfast.

The room was a low-pitched, shadowy room. We sat on a wooden bench beside a wooden table. In one corner, there was an immense clay stove. On it, a spotted cat was curled up fast asleep. The landlady ordered a servant girl about, the dog lay in the sun at the door, and the oldest gipsy violinist of the plains hovered near us clutching a smoke-stained violin in one hand. There was a good smell of (Continued on page 70)

Beverage advertisement eliminated from this page.



ZiP Spray Deodorant★
THE SANITARY WAY TO CHECK PERSPIRATION

How satisfying to be able to apply this delightful liquid deodorant just where you want it, in a jiffy, by means of this latest atomizer device. The filmy mist gives an even distribution of the deodorant, without the annoyance of the liquid running down in drops to other surfaces.

It is immediately effective, and dries instantly. The ZiP Spray Atomizer device (patent pending) is the modern hygienic method which insures your deodorant remaining fresh and sanitary, until the last drop is used. Now you can enjoy this new way to personal daintiness . . 50c

★Awarded the Good Housekeeping SEAL OF APPROVAL. Patent Pending

ZiP Cream Deodorant★
A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION
FOR OVERCOMING PERSPIRATION ODORS

If you want complete insurance against offending others, use ZiP Cream Deodorant. It is easy to apply; harmless to your clothing; and a cream your skin will welcome.

Remember—this delightful cream is the actual prescription of a physician for overcoming perspiration odors. It is awaiting you at leading toilet goods counters in large, attractively carved, highly polished wooden containers at 35c and 50c.

TWICE THE SIZE AT HALF THE PRICE

★Awarded the Good Housekeeping SEAL OF APPROVAL. Patent Pending

ZiP DEPILATORY CREAM

If you have been using less improved methods, you will marvel at this modern, *perfumed* cream. And the giant tube gives you twice the quantity you formerly obtained when buying your depilatory—and at a surprisingly low price.

Every vestige of hair GONE!

ZiP Depilatory Cream is by far the most popular depilatory today. Simply spread on and rinse off. As delightful as your choicest cold cream, and perfumed.

To permanently destroy hair, use ZIP Epilator in the new convenient Kit package. Simple. Quick. Pleasant to use. Lasting.

The approved New York Salon for genuine *ZIP* treatments

Madame Berthé
SPECIALIST

During the bathing season, treatment prices at my Salon are reduced

562 FIFTH AVENUE (Private Entrance on 46th Street) NEW YORK

HUNGARIAN PLAIN-CHANT

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68)

sausages, garlic, beer, wine, eggs, coffee, tobacco, cards, leather, and humanity. We ate and enjoyed it.

We were still eating when the superintendent of the plain arrived. The Hortobágy belongs to the municipality of Debreczin, and a superintendent is appointed to look after their interests, settle disputes, and generally govern the three hundred and fifty odd square miles of country. While he and Pronoy planned the order of the day, I wandered round the inn. It was clean and comfortable. On one of the chimneys there was a stork's nest full of young storks. Their long beaks stuck up like a bunch of spears against the sky. The old birds perched on the edge of the chimney, dropped food into the throat of a young one, and then sailed off in search of more.

The sky had turned a pale blue. A thick purplish haze made a far-off circular bank against the horizon. I looked at it, and then I rubbed my eyes. There before me, solid, within easy walking distance, stood a baroque, fantastic castle almost as large as a small town. It couldn't be real. It wasn't. It was the famous Fata Morgana, and as I watched it, it changed its shape to a cottage by the sea.

ENDLESS PLAIN

That morning, we visited flocks of sheep, droves of horses, and herds of long-horned Hungarian cattle. Many of the bulls measured quite six feet between the tips of their smooth curving horns. It is a strange thing, but several hundred bulls in the open are not nearly so alarming as a single bull in a pen. We walked among them with complete unconcern, only now and then the Csikós herdsman would warn us not to go too near to some particular animal. They, the Csikós, were marvellous to look at. All of them wore wide-brimmed stiff black hats, high leather boots, full, short blue skirts, and sheepskin cloaks with the wool left on. They carried long whips, the thongs twenty to thirty feet long, which they used with great skill.

The superintendent of the Hortobágy accompanied us during all this expedition. He seemed to have a compass in his head. The ground was so flat and the grass so smooth that no roads were necessary. The car would turn towards nothingness. Then out of the blue would emerge another herd, with its Csikós and its dogs.

One old man took us to see the cottage in which he lived with his wife, his son, his son's wife, and his grandson. It was a pretty, friendly little cottage with painted plates on the walls and so many bright, embroidered pillows on the bed that they reached from the mattress to the ceiling. The wealth of a Hungarian peasant is often measured by the number of feather pillows on the bed. Not that any one ever sleeps on them. Oh, no! They pull out a sort of wooden shelf from beneath the mattress and sleep on that, at least the women do. The men sleep on the ground in summer, and with the cattle during the winter.

After we had inspected all these things, the old man opened a cupboard in which were kept the Sunday clothes for the male members of the family. They were just like the clothes they wore every day, only newer. I tried on a sheepskin cloak. Never have I felt such a weight. It was so heavy that I almost fell down. This amused the Csikós very much—they bent double in helpless laughter. Then I tried on a voluminous cream coloured woollen coat—a magnificent affair with wide sleeves and gorgeous embroidery. Everybody insisted that I must pose for a snap-shot in this costume, so what appeared to be a wild horse was led up for me to hold. The animal snorted and stamped, but I hung on to the bridle. It was a great relief to hear the camera click. I then said I must take a picture of them. The three men immediately became very dignified, but the minute the photograph was over, they gave a whoop and leapt on horses and rode, circling around us, cracking their long whips.

It was three o'clock before we got back to the inn for lunch. The time had passed so fast that I had forgotten to be hungry. We ate and drank, and drank and ate delicious country food. A gipsy band played wild violent music. The room throbbed with it. At intervals, they took up a collection.

A REAL POOL

The sun was still brilliant when we started out again, but there was an afternoon feeling in the air. I could hear cattle lowing as they do at the end of a long day. We had been driving about half an hour when I saw vast stretches of water ahead of us. More pools appeared. When we got near, I saw a line of black dots, like melons, floating on the surface of the water. They were the heads of fishermen, for these pools were real, and in them carp are bred for the markets of Budapest, Vienna, Belgrade, Prague, Bratislavia, and Berlin.

The ground was warm and the air was cool, when we reached the herd where we were to camp for the night. A fire was already lighted. One of the men was making goulash in a big copper pot. It was filthy on the outside, but inside it shone like gold. Three other men were busy drawing water for the cattle. The dogs were rounding up the herd. A tiny, icy blue star appeared in the sky.

When we had finished eating, we sat around the fire. The dogs crouched near us. An old man sang a jolly song, and then one of the young men sang a sad one. There was no moon, but the sky was filled with stars.

The fire burned lower and lower, and outside that circle of light and music the plains stretched on and on, mysterious, desolate, and silent. Some one played a flute. It was one of the same tunes we had danced to the night before. For a moment, I saw the candles, the servants, the wine, and the people dancing beneath the painted ceilings. Could this be the same country? The same world, even? I closed my eyes. When I opened them again, the sky was red with dawn. The long horns of the cattle looked black against it. There was a smell of dew and fresh grass, and it was quiet—very quiet, like the peace of death. The old Csikós unwrapped his woolly cape, sat up and looked at me, and grinned. Then he woke up the young men, and another day began.

The Snapshooters have it

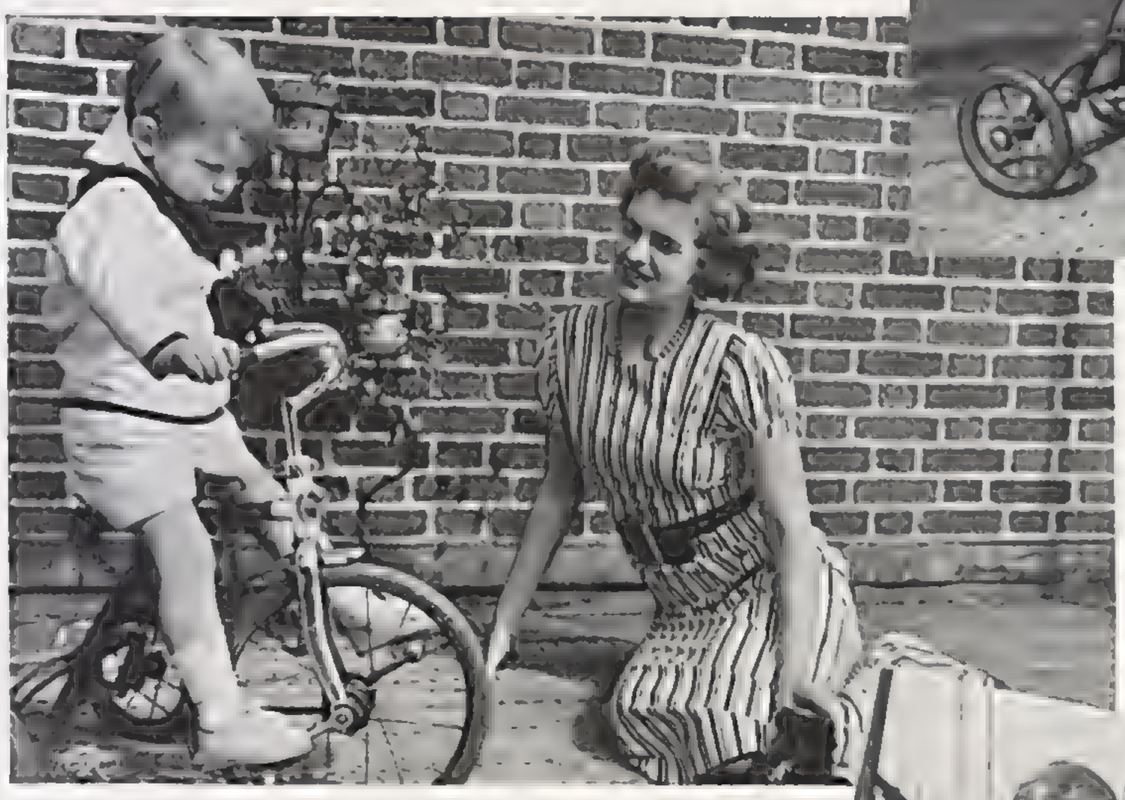
. . . and how



SNAPPED BY ROSAMOND PINCHOT

• Toni Frissell, ardent camera fan, recently caught these snapshooters in action. Clicking cameras are seen more this year than ever. Today, no event of importance is complete without the amateur's own record of it.

Rosamond Pinchot (*right*), who does so many things well and will probably soon be seen on the silver screen, goes in for photography in a big way, even developing and printing her own pictures. Above, at the right, is one of her snaps of her youngest child, Jimmie. Her album, which she has kept since she was a child, is one of the most amusing in New York.





• Next we see Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart (*left*), an ardent camera fiend, who takes both his miniature Kodak Vollenda and movie camera on all his trips. In his modern apartment overlooking the East River, you will find a movie screen at one end of his living room where he shows his friends his latest photographic efforts. His collection of snaps includes many taken on a trip to the South Sea Islands.



• (*Two at right*) Mrs. John Davis Lodge took this snap of her husband on the boat as they sailed for a trip through the Panama Canal on their way to Hollywood, where he must be in time to start work on his new film. Mrs. Lodge was Francesca Braggiotti, member of a talented Italian family. She is a great linguist and an accomplished dancer. She frequently snaps her husband in action in his new career, which has plucked him from the hallowed circles of Boston to Hollywood and fame.





SNAPPED BY MR. STEWART

SNAPPED BY MRS. LODGE

• Mrs. Quincy Cabot was snapped by Mr. Antonio Stewart between a set of tennis and a swim. As Joy Fox, she figured prominently in the tournaments at Southampton for several years. She is now going in for squash in a big way, and Mr. Stewart is congratulating himself on having caught her for a moment in repose.

• Kodak Six-20 is the new, smart camera that Rosamond Pinchot, Mrs. Lodge and Mr. Antonio Stewart are using. You can buy it at any camera counter. Kodaks Six-20 and Six-16 range from $14 to $40, according to picture size and lens.

• Mr. William Rhinelander Stewart uses the Kodak Vollenda, a popular miniature camera now so much in vogue here and abroad. It is priced at $22.50 and $33.50, according to the lens. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Adv.



Stetson *Bystander*

As INTERESTING as the game itself! Stetson's new spectator hat of *English* extraction with good overseas points. Wear it for late summer and early fall. You'll like it in Sheen, a felt with a lustrous, velvety finish; or in Duve, with a soft, faultless surface; or in the regular fine Stetson felt to which you have always been accustomed. . . . No matter which you choose, it will be your favorite hat.

BYSTANDER and other Stetson models may be found in better stores throughout the country. John B. Stetson Co., 358 Fifth Ave., New York.

STETSON HATS for WOMEN

SHOP-HOUND TIPS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

set by the end of May. All of the important furriers get together and make up their minds what peltry shall muffle your graceful shoulders next winter; the fur designers oblige by establishing the silhouette; the fur buyers who are in Paris take the next boat, so as to get their workrooms going in June and July. Thus, the old mumbo-jumbo—the dull season—is routed. A fur worker would rather have a reduced earning scale than just no earnings at all. This is how, my little children, August fur sales are born.

The new fur fashions are news. Pull right up to your favourite shop, ask for your *vendeuse*, and have the skin expert trot out his minks, baby caracals, summer ermines, Alaska sealskins, mickey mouses, sables, or whatever fur you have pictured yourself in. Vogue gives you the newest fur fashion advice, and my Scotty advice is—follow Vogue for fur fashions and follow August fur sales for savings.

• Burning compassion for a suffering Pekinese is the *raison d'être* of Saks-Fifth Avenue's new and gay dog muzzle. The smart executive of this super-dog-mart stopped on our own Fifth Avenue and questioned a *grande dame* she encountered whose diminutive product of China pranced with joy and comfort while complying with the law of Dog-Days. The *grande dame* was corralled—brought to Saks-Fifth Avenue, and her story told. Her caretaker's wife, it seems, suffered with the Peke when his ordinary muzzle was put on, so she made this wonder of narrow silk ribbon to bring peace to the snub-nosed. The caretaker's wife now makes these muzzles out of watch ribbon in any colour you crave, and Saks-Fifth Avenue sells them for about $2.

• One of the major problems is the crowded week-end ice-box. Where can those bottles of vintage champagne, for your well-thought-out dinner, be tucked away? And where can beer, so cooling on the beach, be harboured? Hammacher-Schlemmer have thought up the answer. They have a rack that hangs from the bottom of your ice-box shelves and cradles your cherished vintage in what is apt to be waste space—and, what's more, the bottles rest in the proper horizontal position, and only a good bottle knows what that means. About twenty-five cents gives you a rack that holds two bottles—for more space, ask Mr. Hammacher or Mr. Schlemmer.

VOGUE'S DECORATION NOTE-BOOK

WE tried, but we couldn't do justice, in the meager space allotted us, to all the lovely and amusing things shown on pages 54 and 55 of this issue. So, here and now, we are giving complete descriptions of each one.

Farthest left on page 54 are the motifs of some brand-new wall-papers that Margaret Owen is making in twelve-inch squares. Each paper has three or four of these varied motifs, some old-fashioned and some modern, and all hand-blocked, and what you do is to paste the squares on your walls in checker-board fashion. Or you might use them under the glass top of a small table, or on a screen. At the top are two of the motifs of a dressing-room paper—a pincushion and a fan, in bright pink on a blue ground—to be used in a checker-board pattern on a plain pink paper. The lower squares are from two other patterns, one with a garden motif; the other, a spaniel, a cat, a monkey, in brown, yellow, and pink on cream.

The cushions and beach umbrella, as well as the wall it leans against (on page 54), are all of a new Panama fabric from the Colwell Company. The umbrella is pure white, with a bamboo handle; the cushions are of plain dark blue, bright red, and a cool-looking blue-and-white plaid. The wall covering is available in several colour combinations.

Cool in chromium is a bright idea when the wine-cooler is as smart as the one pictured at the bottom of page 54. Rockwell Kent designed the interesting panel for it. Altman has this.

The chairs and table from Elsie de Wolfe (on page 55) have several ingenious tricks about them. The table, with a cork-like fabric top, folds into a case that also holds games and, if necessary, food and linens. The wicker beach chair can weather any storm, for its cushions are water-proof, in white piped in green. As for the armchair of natural wood and white canvas—it's collapsible and can be carried in its own white canvas bag. Also from Elsie de Wolfe are the full-size beer glasses of heavy, clear glass, on top of the table. The table-cloth is of plaid madras from McCutcheon, and it's to be had in various colours and lengths. The mahogany box, from the Westport Antique Shop, is large enough to hold a full box of the old-fashioned wooden matches, and the little ash-trays that accompany it are made of untarnishable pewter shaped like leaves. You'll find these at the Arden Studios.

Superb for long-stemmed flowers are the tall crystal tumbler and the irregular bubble-shaped vase on page 55. Rena Rosenthal imports these.

The café table from Blanche Storrs has a heavy iron base in black or in colour and a top of wood marbleized in grey, white, and yellow. The white painted willow chair is accented in bright blue; the cushion is of blue water-proof fabric. This and the raffia-encased pitcher and glasses of clear green glass are from McCutcheon.

At the lower left on the same page are copies of Saint Cloud vases, in pure white French porcelain. Both the oblong vase (which is about twelve inches long and four inches high) and the square vases (about six inches long and four inches high) have a modelled chinoiserie design, and all are from Alfred Orlik.

The ships you see go sailing by at the bottom of page 55 are appliquéd in white and red on dark blue linen, to make a charming luncheon set. The porcelain service-plate and soup-cup are pure white, with raised flowers and leaves in blue; Rena Rosenthal.

WHEN • BETTER • AUTOMOBILES • ARE • BUILT • BUICK • WILL • BUILD • THEM



Body by Fisher

Heard at any smart summer gathering



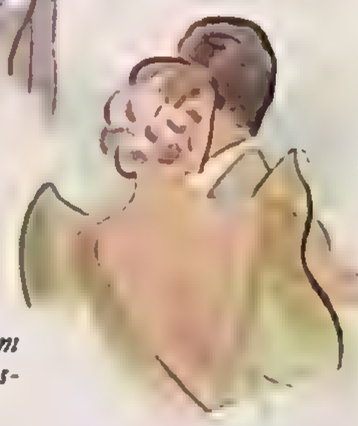
"I say, my dear, have you noticed all the new Buicks here? Everywhere I go this summer, I see them, almost in droves."

"Yes. I've noticed that. It makes me think we'd be rather smart to see about a Buick for ourselves before we start on our trip."



"Hello, people! Are you driving one of the new Buicks, too? I've got one, you know, and it's quite the snappiest performer and the most comfortable thing on the road that I've ever driven."

"That's what I hear all around. They tell me that Buick's new Knee-Action ride is something different, and that its new center-point steering takes all the work out of driving."

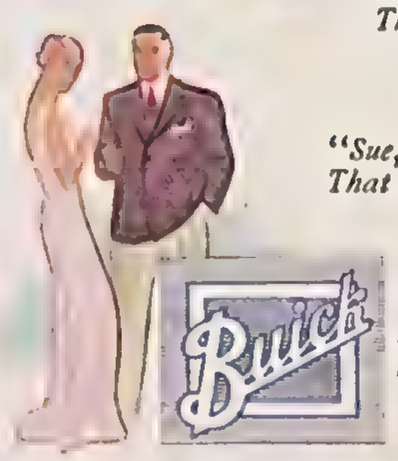


"Jane has one. She's simply crazy about the brakes, too — vacuum power or something. I think the style is simply stunning and I'm pestering Tom to get me one right away."



"You know, the more I see of this year's Buicks, the better I like them. Have you had a ride in one?"

"Indeed I have, and I love it. There's lots of room, and comfort, and to start it you just push the accelerator pedal down. That attends to everything—choke, throttle and all. The new automatic starting is fine for a girl."



"Sue, I should think Bob would come through for a new Buick. That car of his is beginning to tell its age."

"S-s-h! I'm working on him. I want that Buick style and its big size. I never saw a car so easy to stop, and the ride is simply marvelous. It won't be long now."

An hour's driving of the new Buick will reveal to you all that is new and fine in modern motoring.

Series 40—$795 to $925. Series 50—$1110 to $1250. Series 60—$1375 to $1675. Series 90—$1875 to $2175. Wheelbase—117 to 136 inches. List prices at Flint, Michigan, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra.

BUICK



Captured!..the guest of honor

There's an atmosphere of companionship about BUDWEISER that captures one's fancy and holds it. Not only is it the good companion of good fellows, but it is an ideal companion of good foods. Order a case for your home—it makes living better.

For those who make living a fine art

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER



ANHEUSER-BUSCH • ST. LOUIS

BEFORE YOU BUY FURS—

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47)

running about in Northern preserves; or the blue-black mink—long and sleek and fierce—scampering through the thick forests of Quebec (in a wild state, they run astounding distances every day—exercise which gives them a quality of hair and hide hard to produce in the confines of a farm).

Enter the Trapper: fur-capped muzhik in Russia, Eskimo in Alaska, Indian, usually, in Canada; hardy, long-jawed Yankees in our northern states. They set their traps in the cold forests, under snow-laden firs, and wait. The small furred things walk into them, are caught in the inexorable steel. The trappers make periodic rounds of their traps, gather their kills together, and proceed to skin them. They cut the skin at the hind legs and pull the whole pelt over the heads, like a pull-over sweater, so that the fur is inside. They scrape the excess fat off (so it won't "burn" the skin), force a wooden wedge inside to stretch the pelts, and leave them to dry. By the time the traders and the country handlers get them, the pelts—still skin-side out—are stiff as a board. "Cased," they call it in fur language.

BARGAIN AND BARTER

The traders are either independent free-lancers or hired by a powerful company, like the Hudson Bay Company, who have all their own trading-posts in Alaska and Canada. These traders pay the trappers cash (the bead and tin-can barter that used to go on between trader and Indian is, like much of the attendant romance, almost extinct), then sell their assorted skins either to local country dealers or directly to the receiving-houses. In America, the big receiving centres are in Chicago, Saint Louis (the Alaska Sealskin hub), and New York. In Europe, at London, Leipzig, or Paris; with Leningrad as the Soviet headquarters.

It's the function of these great receiving-houses to take all the millions of assorted skins gathered from the small dealers and trappers and divide them into "lots," according to their region, their quality, their use. Until that's done, the furs have absolutely no commercial value. The great fur merchants never buy separate skins; only lots.

These merchants then, or their experts, go to the receiving-houses or auctions and buy up the lots, always keeping in mind what their manufacturers want and what, naturally, they can logically push on the market.

This buying up of lots by the great merchants, among whom are veritable dictators, has the intense, broad-gestured drama of all big business. Every year in New York and London and Leipzig, the fur stock-market of the world is in session, and it is there that the international price of the various furs is set. Wires buzz with high-pressure bargaining, and conferences behind closed doors settle the future of a billion skins. Three factors determine the price-fixing: fashion, the scarcity of the animals, and weather conditions—so vital to the health of the fur. (Taxes have little bearing, because there is no duty on raw furs brought into this country from Europe.)

The bought lots are then shipped from all over the world to their merchant-owners, the greatest of which now have their headquarters in New York and London. (Eitingon-Schild, for instance, of both cities, controls most of the Soviet fur market, besides an enormous part of the North American output.)

The next step in this vast machinery is the manufacturer: the man who eventually makes and sells the coat you buy. He picks out his choice of pelts from the merchant's enormous stock—so many lots of mink (graded into qualities), so many silver foxes, so many caracal and Persian lamb skins—according to fashion and demand.

But remember—the furs are still raw—still "cased," greasy, utterly unusable. So the retailer—the Revillon, the Jaeckel, the Gunther—sends his lots to dressers and dyers to be made workable and perfect. And there, perhaps, is the most fascinating phase of it all.

To see a muskrat, say, go into one of these big dressing and dyeing plants and come out a Hudson seal is to witness a manifold miracle. Manifold because the transformation in this case consists of no less than seventy-two separate processes, half of which the writer saw at the A. Hollander plant in Newark, reputedly the most modern of its kind.

MUSKRAT INTO SEAL

It would take too long to describe even these thirty stages, enthralling as they are. But a few salient facts might interest you. First, the "raw rats"—stiff as a board, repulsive—are thrown into large wooden tubs and trampled on by enormous wooden legs. This softens them, makes them pliant. Then, they are for the first time split open, and you see the skin stretched out. Tanning comes after that, to remove the remaining fat, to kill whatever life may still exist in the fur, to give it its first general cleaning. In their long journey towards perfection, the furs are cleaned time and again; after each process, in fact. They're thrown—a thousand or more at a time—into enormous drums half filled with the finest sawdust. The drums are revolved, and the skins shaken about for a certain time, and the sawdust gradually emptied through a sieve. The fresh sawdust is pale yellow; the used sawdust, dull brown; the odour distressing.

Then come innumerable plucking and shearing machines that take out the stiff hair and give the pelt an even, uniform texture.

Once the muskrats have this soft even surface, are stamped and once more cleaned, they are given their ground dye: thrown into inky vats in which a huge paddle-wheel flips them over and over. But the final dyes, of the six they go through, are put on differently. In dark cellars, men feed the skins through rollers over which the purple dye oozes. The men are purple. Skin after skin they slap on the rollers with their purple hands, like nightmares in an expressionistic hell. Then the pelts are put on racks and shoved into a drying-room.

At the end (Continued on page 78)



TO TALK the Fashion Language of 1934 is to talk of yarns and stitches. For the handknit has taken on a serious meaning. It's very noticeable, too, that in the smartest groups of knitters BERNAT is THE yarn! The dress illustrated—with its "like an import" expression—is easy to capture with BERNAT yarns. It's one of the many exclusive models knit of Bernat's lovely, washable "Glow Crinkle" yarn. Ask to see the newest Bernat offerings—exotic in color, interesting in twists—at your nearest Bernat dealer. If you do not know his name write to Emile Bernat & Sons Co., 89 Bickford St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Wouldn't you like to knit a dress like the one in the picture? We will be glad to send directions FREE.

BERNAT YARNS



It's New!
It's Yours!

Made for you. To keep you fresh, buoyant, scintillating . . . Ybry's new Eau de Cologne . . . a secret formula straight from Paris. For your bath, your body, your comfort, your allure! A lasting fragrance. A delightful antique bottle — easy to hold — to open — to use — to look at. Yours!

EAU de COLOGNE

Les Parfums
Ybry
PARIS · NEW YORK



POT-LUCK IN BISTROS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

service as it comes, for it is not run for you and me, but for the "*boursiers*," with their whiskers and their paunches, who come on certain days of the week to have a debauch of eating. They don't stop at the simple menu that I have given you, but begin with soup or melon and go through vegetables, the Alsatian tarts with a custard base, and cheese. They drink their coffee, heave a great sigh because it is all over, take their napkins from around their necks, and go back to the Bourse to accomplish God knows what.

SIDEWALK BISTRO

There is another type of *bistro* that flourishes on the outskirts of Paris that is larger and may even have tables on the sidewalk. Dagorno, on the avenue Georges Jaures near the Porte de la Villette, is one that owes its popularity to its proximity to the slaughterhouses. Here, in the early morning, it is said, you would have to pay handsomely for a seat and a knife and fork, for the place is taken over by the butchers who have finished their day's work and want to breakfast sumptuously on great fillets that they themselves have set aside for the patron.

Around lunch time, your presence is tolerated, after the butchers have eaten their fill and gone their way, leaving a few fine fillets behind them. When one of these is put before you, it will be at least three inches thick and as big as your hand, yet the most delicate lady could not disdain its delicious tenderness—particularly with the garnishing of watercress and Bearnaise sauce that is served with it. With a few puff potatoes (Ciro doesn't make them any better), you can call it a meal. While you are waiting for your steak, you can nibble on *écrevisses* (small crawfish), boiled with all sorts of herbs, onions, and, I suspect, white wine. There is very little meat to them, but you can suck the bright red shells for the pink fat and impress the waiter as being in the know about *écrevisses* (real connoisseurs will only eat the females)—not to mention having a thoroughly good time yourself.

There is another *bistro* where the mixture of the people you know and the people you would never know goes on quite amicably. This is opposite the entrance to the Halle aux Vins and is frequented by the wine men during the day, so there isn't much room for you until evening. If there is a name, it has long since faded from the door, and the place is simply known as the *bistro* where you eat *Homard Armoricaine* (a dish that hails from the Breton coast and which you find billed as *Homard Americaine* in restaurants that wish to flatter that clientele). Such a large business has been done on this lobster dish that the floor above has been taken over, and now you can wade into your platter in comparative comfort up-stairs. You need elbow-room, too, for the lobster is served in its shell in a sauce that probably contains everything in the kitchen—certainly, tomatoes and white wine. The sauce runs up your arm when you try to crack your lobster, and, all in all, you are not apt to be an attractive spectacle when you eat it, but every one around you will be in the same fix, one which they deliberately came there to get into.

One night, I saw four prominent and immaculate American bankers in Paris forgetting their prominence and losing their immaculateness in this dish. When they asked for finger-bowls to clean up a little of the havoc, the waitress brought in a communal one, their washing producing a bowl of weakened sauce.

None of these places has an air of affected simplicity as yet, although, like the Rendezvous des Mariniers on the Ile Saint Louis, they may acquire it if enough interested schoolteachers visit them. The food is not cheap in any of them, but all that you pay goes actually into food and not into overhead. It is impossible to concoct good lobster, steak, or chicken dishes out of poor material. These places use the best of everything and charge you for it, but you would pay four times as much at Ciro's, to cover the superb service and keep up the atmosphere of wealth.

FOR CONNOISSEURS

I am not advocating continual *bistro* dining in Paris. But *bistros* are a welcome change, now and then, for dining out. Certainly, it would be a grave error to dress and go *bistro* slumming, for such places are self-respecting and wouldn't appreciate your condescension. They are places to eat, divinely and unwisely, perhaps, places in which to enjoy what pleasure you can get from the types around you.

I recall the two demi-mondaines dining together who wept copiously over the picture of a little dog, belonging to one of them, who had died. Their grief did not interfere with their appetites, nor with ours, and we all enjoyed the luxury of sentiment as they passed the picture around that we might admire the deceased. And there were the two puffy middle-aged American women who had wandered into the Chabanais *bistro*—at whose direction, I can not imagine—and ordered lamb chops and string-beans and washed them down with Perrier water. Thinking themselves alone in their American tongue, one of them explained to the other that it was always best to drink gassy water for a gassy stomach. This is no spirit with which to visit a place that prides itself on its *Homard au Porto*. There is always the type of oldish Frenchman who can eat largely with magnificent dignity and depart with a rosy glow of satisfaction framing his spade beard. He may be a banker, a taxi driver, or a country gentleman with his long coat split up the back as if he were ready to jump on his horse and ride away at any moment, but he belongs to the brotherhood that recognizes that food plays a large part in the enjoyment of life.

Even in these days of French unrest, I doubt if a fork would be used with any deadly intent so long as there was something worthy of its attention on a plate. Revolutionary instincts don't come out on a full stomach, so you probably are quite safe in exploring *bistros*—so long as you tend to your eating and don't insult the French cuisine.

BETTINA WILSON

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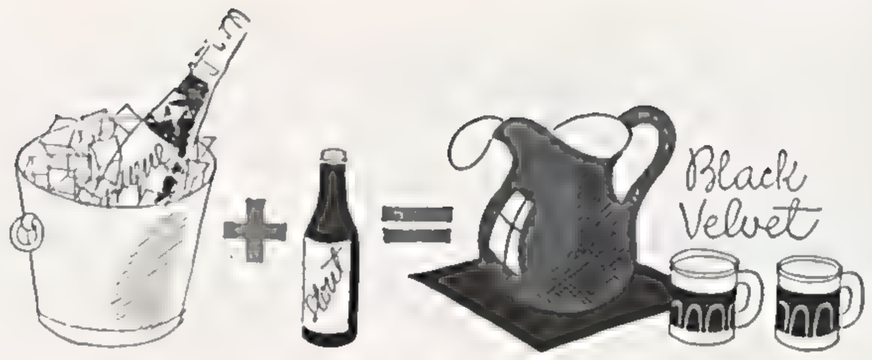
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SHAKING THEM UP

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52)

add a dash of water.) Then you muddle the leaves and the syrup and add a jigger of rye or Bourbon. We showed Bourbon in our sketch, because it is a traditional word with juleps, but many people prefer rye. Then, put in the ice, which has been smashed to a snow-like consistency (drain it dry, before you put it in the glasses), then some more Bourbon dripped through the ice, then more ice, and more Bourbon through the top, and stir briskly with a long silver spoon, to blend the sugar and hasten the frosting. Stick in a sprig of mint, two straws (made out of straw, not paper, for although straws are a departure from classic rules, they are also a convenience), and you have at least one version of the perfect julep.

We show it in the sketch served in a silver cup that is made especially for mint juleps, beautiful to look upon when it is frosted. In Virginia, these goblets are sometimes awarded as trophies to the owners of winning horses, and many a Southern hostess has assembled her mint julep set in that triumphant manner. If interested, you can get these cups at Black, Starr and Frost-Gorham, in New York.

To proceed into the infinite possibilities awaiting the summer drinker—at the Waldorf roof, where the air is as cool as the drinks, there is one long drink that proves especially popular with the lighter drinkers, known as the Starlight Cooler. It is made in a Tom Collins glass, and into it you put the juice of a lime, a dash of bitters on a lump of sugar, a jigger of French Vermouth (alcoholic, to be sure), ice, and ginger ale to fill. It was from the Waldorf, too, that we got the idea of hollowing out a resting place in the centre of a block of ice to hold a bouquet of fruits and mint in a punch—pretty as anything. You can achieve the hollow by pressing the bottom of a heated saucepan into the ice block. In the South, where the fine points of drinking are a tradition, suh!, the bowl with the punch is often put inside a larger bowl packed with ice, so there can be no dilution of the liquid.

In Louisville, one entertaining gentleman delights in giving his guests at the Derby a beautiful long green drink that he makes in this way. A jigger of gin, a jigger of green crème de menthe, and a jigger of lime-juice are put in a long tall glass with ice cubes and Seltzer to fill.

In Virginia, the Richmond Country Club, where the drinks are famous, makes this superior punch. Two oranges, two lemons, and half of a peeled fresh pineapple are diced, and over these are poured two cupfuls of Bourbon, with sugar to taste and a small jar of cherries complete with juice. You make this bright and early in the morning (there is the trick!) and let it stand till you are ready to serve it in the afternoon or evening, when you add three small bottles of ginger ale and the juice of one orange and one lemon.

The Marguéry, in New York, where the bartender is one of the most amiable and knowledgeable in town, serves you a beautiful white wine cup. If you like it with Rhine wine, a bottle of the wine is used, with half a pony of maraschino brandy, fresh fruit, charged water, and, dramatically suspended in the pitcher, a curl of cucumber peel. If you prefer a sweet wine, use a bottle of Sauterne, the same fresh fruit, and charged water, but grand marnier instead of the maraschino. It's important to select your liqueurs according to the sweetness or dryness of your wine. No cucumber peel in the second one.

In Germany, there is the altogether delightful summer custom known as drinking the *Maibowle*, so called because it starts the season on the first of May, the day of the official appearance of the first strawberries of the year. The *Maibowle* is made with a basis of Rhine wine, such a one as the Rhine wine punch shown in the sketch on page 53. We got that recipe from Lüchow's, that grand German restaurant that has been discovered all over again because of its wonderful beer. The suggestion was that that quantity of punch would serve six people—allowing a quart for each, which gives you a general idea of how people like *Maibowle!*

Lüchow's has another very special recipe for this, which calls for woodruff. This is like peppermint, and you can buy it at any German delicatessen. You put about a quarter of a pound of woodruff in a jug, pour a bottle of Rhine wine over it, and allow it to draw for two hours. Then you strain it very carefully through a fine cheese-cloth and pour it over ice in a punch-bowl with fruit.



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WEST INDIES

"FIVE CRUISES IN ONE"

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FREE-WHEELING GIPSY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

and the roads leading out of Hollywood; the great live under Klieg lights, wandering through pasteboard cities across the Sahara into a snowstorm of corn-flakes, then they are driven back to diets in their stately Spanish homes.

Slowly, I became a beach-comber in blue jeans, associating only with such and living on light and hamburgers until I wondered why I was in Hollywood at all. So we left for Carmel—and on the way we met the spring. Spring in California is very brief, but it gives all it can. There is a sight that makes one's heart stop for joy, crossing the ridge of mountains towards Bakersfield. The mountains are cold, and the coldness ends—at one's feet stretches an endless valley of coloured flowers so thick that there is no room for green, a smoke of blue and a flame of poppies and beyond only gold. That is the time that all the brown dead hills are born again and everything is fresh and full of hope.

ADVENTURE BY THE WAY

We drove back to the coast and stopped for the night in a straggling, foreign oyster-shell town, full of bars and Philippinos. We were inquiring where to camp when a tall dark man stepped out of the shadows, "You come with me—I show you where to camp," he said. He had a broken accent and a gangster's walk and a sharp-shooting eye and a diamond pin and a muddy car—nevertheless, we followed him down a black lane into a thicket of sycamores. I knew that our last hour had come; obviously, he was leading us into the desolation to do us in and take our car. My husband, who is brave even at night, agreed with me, but gaily. The man got out and told us it was his place and that he was a Spanish Indian and would go to town and come back later—of course, to fetch his gang and surprise us in sleep. I never slept. Luckily, we were armed with a tear-gas billie, a wonderful invention which in daylight I had often hoped to see used. At dawn, his car came back, and we started up ready and aiming, but nothing happened. In the morning, we made friends. He kept a chicken farm and made guitars and read the Bible—he was a nice man!

Carmel lies by the sea in a cypress grove, beside white dunes and surf. At the right is Pebble Beach, where the millionaires have beautiful houses and where green grass slopes down to the water's very edge. At the left are great grey rocks and seals and seagulls, and there Robinson Jeffers built his tower of boulders, dragging them up stone by stone from the jaws of the surf. There are many interesting people there, the Jeffers; Lincoln Steffens and his wife; Ella Winter; Paul Dougherty; Langston Hughes, poets, painters, philosophers, and eccentrics—the place collects them because it is beautiful and has mists and one never knows why.

The surrounding country is magnificent—rolling hills and redwoods and piebald horses and the ranch of my friend, George Moore, which is a kingdom in itself. Friends loaned us a whole cypress grove that has a little path down to a terrace of rocks, where there are a great stone table and a barbecue and the spray leaps up and sea-gulls come to breakfast. It could not have been more enchanting, and I could have stayed there forever. Actually, we stayed three days—the highway goes north and our wheels had become our masters.

We halted at Santa Cruz, where Marion Hollins has a marvellous estate of golf courses and race-courses and where she entertains charmingly in a garden of oak-trees and periwinkles.

We halted, too, at the ranch of William Tevis, who is a genius on a horse and recently in the air. He steps off his airplane onto a horse, gallops ten miles of hill and valley, plays polo, tames a broncho, then flies back to a match in Burlingame.

We stopped in Burlingame, and went to an enormous party, and rebounded from it to the enormous solitudes of the northern redwood forests. They are five thousand years tall and filled with the noise of rivers—salmon rivers rushing to the sea. We followed one along a bad but beautiful road and slept like gods in a glade of trees.

We went up the coast towards Eureka, where the country is much wilder and fresher, very green and covered with sheep, the people mostly farmers and lumbermen. To my horror, we passed ten miles of felled redwood forest. It was like a battlefield of dead giants—the great, immemorial stumps bearing witness of the slaughter made by man. Man is certainly a destroyer in his constructive way, for a highroad, as well, is being started there. I sighed to think of that meandering empty coast road with its hedges of bramble and wild iris bristling with motors and advertisement signs—yet the people look forward to it, of course, because the land will go up in price. We were seeing the last of this in its silence of green pastures and blue sea pastures—my pastures, for here again I hunted houses, and not houses only, but miles of this paradise, all for sale.

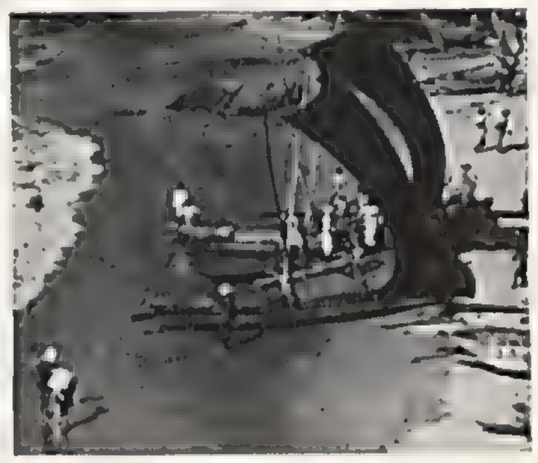
END OF THE TRAIL

We rode over the ranches, counting sheep and rivers, measuring the land. But a highway cutting over my domains? A land that changes and a house that stays still? One that can never crash back into the cities or escape into the deserts? No—no little grey house on a hill for our roving eye. So we drove on to Eureka and back to the main highway. It was filled with white police cars hunting for Dillinger and hopefully examining our profiles.

I wanted to go on north up into Canada, but time was passing, had passed. There is no infinity even in motion. The earth is round, and everywhere one leaves something that calls one back. Alas, that I left my van forlorn and inert on the Pacific Coast, while I journey by train to an Atlantic liner.

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"I'm a pretty experienced globe-trotter," explained a cruise-member from up-state New York. "But this cruise was the first that ever gave me the feeling of my own home floating round-the-world. Our apartment was exactly that... and so cool in the hot weather. Anytime we wanted social life, there was that whole grand ship



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FROM NEW YORK JAN. 10

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Empress of Britain

WORLD CRUISE

Canadian Pacific

Beverage

advertisement

eliminated

from this

page.

BEFORE YOU BUY FURS—

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73)

of all this—a labour of three and a half weeks—, you have an infinitely soft, inky-black fur, as unlike its tannish muskrat origin as diamonds are from their mother rock.

As for the other furs, miracles transform them, too. You would never see in the coarse, creamy, uneven pelt that comes into such a plant the exquisite moire broadtail in black or silver that issues from it. All sorts of striped and spotted and indiscriminately coloured furs go through hands and machines and come forth as finest kid and caracal, pony, and lapin. It was amusing, incidentally, to see a row of pale beige lapins stretched meekly out on a table waiting for a stencil dye that converted them one by one into spotted leopards.

The luxury furs—the highest qualities of mink and sable and silver fox, for instance—are only dressed and cleaned. Only the cheaper grades of each are dyed or tipped, and then not for first-class retail consumption.

Ermines are bleached, to keep them from turning yellow. And a good number of naturally black furs—black kid, black Persian lamb—are dyed black to give them a deeper lustre and to hide the lightness of the skin.

The processes in the case of real Alaska Sealskin (over which the United States Government has now a complete monopoly) are almost as laborious as those of the Hudson Seal, née muskrat, for you begin with a very stiff, short-bristled, spotted hair of varying shades, and end with black sealskin. These skins are twice as expensive as Hudson Seal, because of their rarity which, in spite of the Government's magnificent precautions, is bound to increase.

When all the furs, then, are perfectly dressed and dyed and finished off, they are shipped back to their respective manufacturer-owners. And here is the final chapter of the history. Here is where the master-cutter steps in, without whom no fur fashion is possible.

The cutters are usually specialists—mink cutters, seal cutters, sable cutters—and highly paid. It is the incredibly delicate job of a mink cutter to "let out"—a process on which we touched earlier and which, more than any other fact, makes the furs susceptible to the figure-conscious fashions of to-day. Formerly, when the pelts were left as they were and sewed together, the coat was bulky, stiff, and heavy. It made the wearer look mountainous and formless. That's why capes and tippets were so popular in the early days of fur garments for women: they avoided the complication of sleeves and the necessity of fit.

But now, with a razor-edge knife, the cutter slits each skin into a dozen or more diagonal strips, each one of which is aligned a little lower than its neighbour and then sewed fast in its new position by hand. Here is no job for a weak eye or a faltering hand. Furs like caracal and nutria are not let out—only trimmed and sewed together according to the pattern—as any coat would be, only with a hundred per cent. more difficulty. The sewed coat is dampened and stretched spread-eagle on a table in the required and ultimate shape, and left to dry. Whenever your coat has to be shortened or altered in any way, it's stretched like this, not "taken up," like a dress. Which accounts for the surprising cost of alterations, however minor.

So you see, the intricacies are endless; and we have space only to give you this brief idea of them. But perhaps, now, you will think twice before cursing the rapacity of fur-retailers, treating carelessly your precious pelts, and—most important of all—buying a cheap wrap made, presumably, of luxury furs. No real luxury fur can ever be cheap. The finest sables—crown sables from Russia, so-called because the Czar had his pick of them—are extremely rare; the best mink, usually from the Lake Saint John district in Quebec, are so scarce that a high-class manufacturer may have only enough skins for a dozen coats a season; and the perfect silver fox is still a find. And, as you can see, the workmanship alone is of fantastic importance. Good workmanship can make an excellent coat out of less expensive furs. Bad workmanship can ruin the best fur. So you have to pay—any way you look at it! (Continued on page 79)

Your Eyes Betray



YOU can't be glamourous if your eyes aren't intriguing. Take a look at any movie star. Did you ever see one with straight lashes? The new, improved Kurlash will give your lashes that same divine sweep, in just about thirty seconds. Kurlash costs $1 and if your drug or department store doesn't have it, we'll send it direct.

THE NEW IMPROVED

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York
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PLANE MANNERS FOR THE PERFECT LADY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39)

herself from those fresh little touches of white attractively arranged at the throat and wrists, knowing all too well that, after she has been asleep for three hours, they will be as depressing as the orchids. She will know instinctively that soon crêpe de Chine will look like last week's nightgown, and wool will be creased and covered with cigarette ashes. Instead, she will turn to those rough, crinkly materials that will not itch when she lands several hundred miles south of where she started, and will not let her freeze to death if she is going north. Her bag will have a clean pair of gloves and perhaps a little brush or cloth to wipe cigarette ashes off her shoes.

When the plane has taken off, she arranges herself for a long winter's nap. Her hat is put away with her coat on a rack. Her gloves are secured somewhere where they won't drop on the floor. Her pillow is blown up, her book taken out, and her bag firmly shut on the seat beside her. When she is well up in the air and the airport looks like a mushroom, she unfastens her safety-belt and looks around.

When she can smoke, a sign will be put up. Naturally, if she wishes to smoke, she will bring her own cigarettes and matches. When the sign appears, she will look across at her neighbour—who, if she has followed these directions, will be looking with goggle-eyed admiration at her. By a flick of the eyebrows and a gesture of the cigarette-case, she will, at one and the same time, ask him if he would like a cigarette and if he minds her smoking. He may not take one himself, but he will never stop her. However, if you are bumping about and he goes green and closes his eyes at this overture, it is the part of wisdom, as well as courtesy, to refrain yourself. In a plane, you are very close to your neighbour, and the perfect lady will bear clearly in mind that it is to her own advantage to keep him as well as possible.

When the food comes around, a lady will not wave it aside with a languid gesture unless she is a fool. When the meal is finished, everything goes overboard and nothing can be retrieved to please any lady, no matter how perfect. If not really hungry, she will nibble wisely, knowing that dinner is still a long time ahead. If she is a lady of very uncertain stomach, she will do well to bring a tin of dry biscuits in her bag.

When on the ground, a lady is wise who walks around and stretches her legs. She need not draw herself up at the first person who speaks to her, but neither is it necessary for her to hurry into conversation with him. Her moments on the ground are few and precious, and she will do well to get some fresh air and exercise. She does not buy Indian dolls at the airport, if she is crossing the Continent, nor, if she is flying to South America, does she buy samples of native weaving.

When in the air, no lady is at liberty to worry. It spoils the trip for every one else. Once she has set her feet on the paths of the air, it is no longer her privilege to look back. She must be placid and pleasant and, if seriously alarmed, the soundest thing is for her to go to sleep. Or at least pretend to. Nothing is more reassuring to the other passengers than the sight of a lady sleeping in the face of danger.

Once she lands in Rio or Trinidad or California, the lady may astonish all her fellow passengers with those effervescent qualities that have made her such a success. If, by any chance, the pilots feel that discretion is the better part of valour and the plane lands hurriedly in a potato patch on a rainy night seven miles from anywhere, that is the moment for her to bring out all her charm and treat the incident with the same deftness that she would show at a party in her own house. That is the time for her to surpass herself as a hostess, knowing well that she will not have to wait for Heaven to get her reward. It will make good dinner-table copy for years to come.

When she opens her paper next morning, she will certainly find that she has been a success; she may even find she has been a heroine. But, being a perfect lady, she will disregard all that and quietly ring for the maid to press her dress and send the boy out to buy a fresh tin of biscuits. And when the plane takes off again, she will be sitting in her seat with cotton in her ears and gum in her mouth, and her bag beside her on the seat.

BEFORE YOU BUY FURS—



CHINCHILLA

HABITAT: Peru, Chile, and Bolivia. Best in high levels of the Andes.
USES: Coats, capes, and trimming.
CHARACTERISTICS: Slate-blue with greyish centre-back. Lustrous white guard hairs; silky texture. Now so scarce as to be almost extinct. Avoid yellowish cast



CIVET CAT

HABITAT: North America. The best skins are from Iowa and Nebraska.
USES: Coats and trimming.
CHARACTERISTICS: Really a spotted skunk; fully furred with long guard hairs and white markings. Avoid sparsely furred pelts and yellowish tinge on markings



RACCOON

HABITAT: North America. The finest skins from the central United States.
USES: Coats and trimming.
CHARACTERISTICS: Bluish-brown, with long, glossy guard hairs. Should be uniformly well-furred and silky. Avoid coarse skins and those with reddish cast and too long hairs. Those with a reddish cast are generally tipped



CONEY

HABITAT: Europe. The best skins are from France and Belgium.
USES: Coats and trimming.
CHARACTERISTICS: Really a long-haired rabbit, dyed many colours. Skins should be fully furred and glossy, with supple leather. Avoid sparsely-furred skins



SQUIRREL

HABITAT: All continents except Australia. Best from Kamchatka.
USES: Coats and trimming.
CHARACTERISTICS: Steel blue-grey with a good lustre. Full furred with long, silky guard hairs. Avoid those skins with reddish streaks or cast, and too heavy or coarse fur



LYNX

HABITAT: North America, Northern Europe and Asia. Best from Hudson Bay and Alaska.
USES: Scarfs and trimming.
CHARACTERISTICS: Very long furred, with pure white bellies and long silvery guard hairs. European and Asiatic have a dark fur fibre and brownish cast. Avoid sparsely furred, coarse skins



FITCH

HABITAT: Europe and Asia. The finest yellow fitch is from Poland; the finest white, from Central Asia.
USES: Scarfs, trimming, and coats.
CHARACTERISTICS: Yellow (German) fitch has yellow fur with black guard hairs. The white (Russian) fitch is silvery-white. Should be full furred. Avoid short-haired, coarse skins; orange cast



MOLE

HABITAT: North America, Europe, and Asia. The finest skins are from Holland and Scotland.
USES: Coats and trimming.
CHARACTERISTICS: Silky, full furred skins with good leather. Avoid sparsely furred skins, those with black spots, and those with too thin leather



OTTER

HABITAT: All continents except Australia. Best skins from Quebec.
USES: Coats and trimming.
CHARACTERISTICS: Long, lustrous, dark brown fur with long guard hairs. Avoid sparsely furred, short-haired skins, as well as singed, lusterless and coarse-textured ones



PONY

HABITAT: Europe and China. Best skins from Poland and Russia.
USES: Coats.
CHARACTERISTICS: Short-haired with a moire pattern and supple leather. Avoid heavily furred skins with thick leather and little or no pattern, or sparsely furred skins in which the seams are prominent



SKUNK

HABITAT: North and South America. Finest skins are from Minnesota and the Dakotas.
USES: Coats and trimming.
CHARACTERISTICS: Blue-black fur with long, glossy guard hairs. All skunk is dyed and natural white stripes cut out. Avoid coarse, short-haired skins



KOLINSKY

HABITAT: Siberia and China. Best skins from Siberia.
USES: Trimming and capes.
CHARACTERISTICS: Really Asiatic mink in best form. Long-haired and silky; yellowish-brown cast. Usually tipped to simulate sable. Avoid cheap dyes, as they turn an ugly red with oxidation

• Among the other popular furs at the present time are the following: Burunduki, Perwitski, Wolf, Australian Opossum, Wild-cat, Badger, Marmot, Bear, African Monkey, and Australian Wombat. Roughly, in judging these furs, look for fully furred skins with a good lustre and soft leather. American Broadtail is sheared and processed lamb. It should have a good moire pattern and not too heavy leather.

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knit your own

Expert knitters have been waiting for it . . . beginners have been asking for it . . . and here it is! Vogue's Second Book of Knitting and Crochet—just out, 57 pages full of smart new things to knit and—what's more important—to wear . . . and wear. . . . Knitted clothes are smarter than ever. Now, with this new book, you can betake yourself to your hammock in the shade . . . and click your way to knitted chic!

Remember the baby pants worn by the lady for her sun bath on the cover of June 1 Vogue? And the dashing coolie coat shown in April 15 Vogue? They're both in this book . . . along with 50 more new designs in knit and crochet . . . for man, woman, *and* child. There's a photograph or drawing of each one as it will look when you've cast off the last stitch . . . and often there's a close-up picture of the stitch, too.

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A SAMPLING FROM THE CONTENTS

★ Knitted Bathing Suit
★ Child's Sweater Suit
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★ Tri-colour Scarf
★★ Fair Isle Golf Blouse
★★ Crocheted Swagger Coat
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Beverage advertisement eliminated from this page.

TOE TIPS follow FINGER TIPS



● It isn't only babes in their prams who are discovering their toes these days. One look at the new open-toed sandals and unreinforced socks, for both daytime and evening, and doesn't your instinct tell you it isn't going to be enough just to keep your toe nails neatly trimmed?

Toe tips must be tinted, too!

JUST gaze about you! On the beach, on the dance floor—yes, and on the most aristocratic streets—toe tips are following the fashion of finger tips, and presenting their own 10 lovely spots of color to the world.

If you have any serious ideas of being smart this summer and winter—don't bore your audience with pallid, untinted toe nails!

Just remember to use the same reliable, fine-quality polish you have been using on your finger tips. You know from pleasant experience that *Cutex* flows on smoothly and easily. You know it *stays* on, and never fades, cracks or peels. And its 7 lovely, authentic shades are equally becoming to the nails that grow on your toes!

So hurry to your favorite shop and lay in enough Cutex colors to insure the right shade, on both fingers and toes, to go with every gown and every pair of shorts!

For the complete toe-tip manicure, use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Oily Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White Pencil, Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream —for toes, too, must be white and smooth now.

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